National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, ... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Selections.

MESSRS. GIDDINGS AND PALFREY AT MEDINA.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

MEDINA, Tuesday, July 5, 1853.

BY the arrival of excursion trains from Rochester and the West, and the inpouring of the people from the rural districts, the pleasant town of Medina was at an early hour, on the morning of the 4th, crowded to excess. The meeting at the grove was opened by prayer from Rev. Mr. Smith; after which G. W. Clark, Esq., of Rochester, sung a soul-stirring song. Reading of the Declaration by Mr. Oliver Morehouse, of Albion. Mr. Giddings, being loudly called for, now made his appearance on the stand. He began by referring to circumstances under which the Declaration of Independence was put forth, as of deep and solemn interest. It was no argument—these were self-evident truths. The equality of men, the brotherhood of the race—this was the corner-stone of our Republic. It is right to celebrate this day. We come together to repeat the solemn declaration, and pledge ourselves anew to the maintenance of its principles (cheers). If there is a man here who denies these truths, he has no right to participate in the festivities of the day. We come together holding in veneration this great fact of the inalienable right of all men to liberty (applause). It is with sorrow that we are constrained to acknowledge that this government virtually denies these truths, and is to-day robbing man of his rights. At the period of the adoption of the Constitution, no man supposed that we were to participate in the crimes of Slavery. It was left to the slave States to maintain their Slavery if they pleased, and soon after this the slave-power grasped at the Government.

In alluding to the Compromise Measures of 1850, Mr. Giddings said: Whigs and Democrats, you stand before the world the advocates of Slavery and oppression. You are pledged to support the slave trade in the District of Columbia. I would arouse you by the enormity of this Compromise. You, gentlemen, have resolved that we shall not agitate this question; why, you are now violating that rule; you have come up here to agitate, *to hear an agitator*; for, although I fail, my friend Palfrey never fails (laughter). Will you sustain these measures? (No.) Will you vote for men who are pledged to them? (No! no!) My advice is, touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing of Hunkerdom (continued applause). Do not deceive yourselves. Let me tell you that the Almighty reads your hearts and holds you responsible for your acts politically as well as morally.

I tender you my thanks, my fair country-women, for your attendance here to-day. Shall you sit quietly in your homes when your sisters are sold into Slavery!

Pierce came forward and said no act of his life was opposed to the Compromise Measures; that from his childhood up he had favoured the slave-trade. *I believe he told the truth* (shouts of laughter). When you voted for either of the candidates of the two great parties, you gave your influence to maintain the infamous traffic.

The rescue of Shadrach in Boston is still fresh in your memory. You recollect the courage of the negroes and the cowardice of Augur-hole Byrnes and Pat. Riley. They bore him off in triumph, and to-day, *by the grace of God and his legs*, he is on the Free Soil of Canada. You remember how this "endangered the Union," and the pitiful cry raised because a man had come into the possession of his inalienable right to freedom. We trample upon these measures. Against them we raise unmitigated and eternal war (cheers). The old usages between the great parties have disappeared. Freedom and Slavery are the great issues—there is no other. On one side or the other you must take sides. I have no language of detestation sufficient to express my feelings toward the ministers who, dressed in sacerdotal robes, sustain the slave system. They have done more to sustain Infidelity in this land than all the atheists that have ever lived. One clergyman asked a brother if he excluded slaveholders from the communion-table, "Oh yes," he replied, "we go a great ways further than that—*we exclude the horse-thief*." Where, I ask you, are the dough-faces who have deserted the cause of freedom at Washington? Gone to their political graves. Their memories shall rot with them. Who fills the seat formerly occupied by Mr. Webster? You all know his eloquent and learned successor. I allude of course to Charles Sumner—one of the best scholars in America. In conclusion I call upon you as men, as freemen, as advocates of American Liberty, to vote and act according to the conscience God has given you, and determine to redeem your country from the foul stain under which it now rests.

At the conclusion of this address a hearty round was given to Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio.

Hon. John G. Palfrey, of Mass., then spoke as follows:

Friends of Liberty, friends of your country, friends of the Declaration of Independence—I rejoice to be with you to-day. I assure you I needed little urgency to be present and address you on this occasion. This is not, however, my first visit to Western New York, nor have I been ignorant of what you have been doing in this region of the Empire State. I felt bound to tell your friends that I was hardly worth coming so far for; but as most of our friends in Massachusetts are engaged in the Constitutional Convention, I determined to come and willingly render such services as I can. I see that your post-bill, on which our purpose of being here was advertised, does me more than justice in saying that I have several times been elected to Congress—I was elected only once. In 1846 I was living in a very doubtful district—where the Liberty party could prevent a choice. It pleased the Whig party, whose professions of Anti-Slavery I had believed—Heaven pardon my credulity! (great merriment)—to select me as their candidate. A portion of the party paid me the compliment to believe I would do what I said, and refused me their support. The others, however, supported me, although taking the highest Anti-Slavery grounds, supposing I would not be faithful to the doctrines affirmed before election. They thought I was one who would deceive the electors and fall into the support of whatever meanness they should propose. I thank God, gentlemen, that they mistook their man (great cheering). The first measure which came before the House was the election of Speaker. The candidate was a citizen of my own State. We had been educated in the same city; but I was sensible that the trust we should impose upon him would be disappointed, and the objects of the slave power be carried out. Mr. Giddings, the gentleman from N. H., and myself, voted against the Whig Candidate. It was no argument to me that he was a Massachusetts man. If South Carolina and Mississippi want this man to put forth their measures, let them elect him—and they did. He appointed the Committees in such a way that the cause dear to me was sacrificed. At the next election the Whigs nominated a new candidate against me. Twelve or fourteen contests were held, finally resulting in my defeat. By my exclusion, I am happy to think, the cause is better served than had I been elected.

There are two great aspects in which this question presents itself. In one it is a question of humanity and philanthropy. In another of politics and statesmanship. They are usually distinct, but sometimes shade into each other. We are misrepresented when it is said of us that we aspire and aim to abolish Slavery in the States by political action. We can write and speak where we cannot legislate. We can appeal—we can reach the conscience of the slaveholder. They tell us we shan't do this—they tell us we shan't agitate. Fellow-citizens, hadn't you better vote that you will stop this wind which is now moving the trees above our heads? that you will stay the waters of yonder cataract? When you have done that you can then vote that the question of Slavery shall not be agitated (enthusiastic applause). You remember what my friend (turning to Mr. Giddings) said on the floor of Congress: "You have determined we shall not agitate—I mean "to agitate. What do you mean to do about it?" *We* mean to agitate. It looks very much to me to-day as if the agitation in Western New York has not yet subsided (cheers). We mean thus to reach the reason and conscience of the slaveholder; and because we mean to do this, we intend to stand by the freedom of the press. All rights are threatened by this institution of Slavery. We mean to maintain the freedom of speech, and believe the time will come when we can speak what we think in Georgia and New Orleans. Give us a press—give us an audience where Slavery exists, and we will overthrow this system. Man's laws shall not go before us and God-given impulses (hear, hear). The repeal of that despicable law we cannot at present effect, but that law has no terrors for the man who is true to himself. Its fines and its imprisonments, we can endure them. For myself, if I ever turn a wanderer from my door, may God punish me and mine in a degree tenfold greater than that enactment proposes for sheltering the fugitive. We will not have humanity outraged in our persons. We will speak the truth, write the truth, and trust to God's providence to help us bear the consequences (deep sensation.)

But this is also a political question. The Slave power governs us. We live under as gaunt, and bare, and iron an aristocracy as ever existed. The question is not at all whether we shall abolish Slavery—it is whether it shall abolish us.

The slaveholders are an American aristocracy. They exert their immense power by holding the property, the land, and by monopolising education. Common schools cannot exist there. I doubt whether even the negro of the South is in so sad a condition as the labouring white man. The slaveholders, in Congress and out of Congress, hang together with a continuity and concert and plan which we find it impossible for us at the North to do. They appoint 20,000 post-masters, every man of them a bailiff of the slave power—a trickster to the power that gives him office. What means the two-thirds rule adopted in the nominating conventions? It means that the slave States may be able to defeat any candidate not agreeable to them. Thus the Government is constituted. The person who aspires to go on a foreign mission, looks South; for politicians have a great deal of that gratitude which is a lively sense of benefits expected. Thus the slave power rules us. There is not a man of us who has not some one near his door tied by a golden chain to Washington. How many editors in this country can afford to circulate their papers when frowned upon by this power? What papers get the contracts and the advertising? This power is formed by the long-contriving head, and not by the long arm. The Emperor of Russia rules by influence, not by force. Just as truly as there is reason and conscience in man, and justice in God above, just so truly will the principles of freedom triumph. What is man made for? Is he made to succeed? He is made to do his duty. Suppose we knew we should not succeed, is our duty the less? Some of us have children; we will not leave them the disgrace of being obliged to say of us, as they tread over our ashes, "Here lies an upholder of Slavery." But rather let them have a feeling of humble pride in saying, "My father was a friend of liberty, in the face of the scoffs of the foolish and ignorant—in the face of the coldness of friends he stood true to justice, and died a Free Soiler and an honest man." God knows how to spin flax just as well as cotton; and when some ingenious man shall learn how to spin flax by machinery, there's an end to Slavery. God in his own time will bring it to pass, but he will do it through our agency.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" IN RUSSIA.

The following letter has recently been received by Prof. Stowe, from Rev. Dr. Perkins, the veteran missionary at Ooroomiah:

OOROOMIAH, April 16th, 1853.

C. E. STOWE, D. D.: Rev. and dear Sir—The enclosed is part of a letter, in ordinary correspondence, from Chevalier N. KHANIKOFF, to R. W. STEVENS, Esq., British Consul at Tabreez, in Persia, which the latter recently transmitted to me, with the request that I would "send it just as it is, to Mrs. Stowe;" adding that "the opinion of a Russian, in regard to Uncle Tom, will no doubt be gratifying to hear."

The document will of course speak for itself. But, perhaps, Mrs. Stowe would like to know something of its author. I will therefore say that Chevalier Khanikoff, who is personally known to us (he having visited us at Ooroomiah), is one of the Russian Emperor's Counsellors of State, at present stationed at Tiflis; a gentleman whose exalted official rank, and vast varied acquisitions as a profound oriental and scientific scholar, can hardly be surpassed by the amenity of his manners, the modesty of his character, and the kindness of his heart.

I beg to embrace this opportunity, through you, to offer to Mrs. Stowe my heartfelt congratulations on the unparalleled success of her matchless book. It has not only rung the death-knell of the terrible curse of Slavery around the globe, but is also, at this hour, preaching the gospel to unknown myriads, who might otherwise never have heard "the joyful sound." With kindest regard, &c.,

I am very truly yours,
J. PERKINS

Dr. Perkins adds in a postcript:

* * * Perhaps it would be proper to obtain a good translation of it (not very easily made from the blind hand writing) and send it to the *Independent*. The testimony for "Uncle Tom" is certainly the highest that could be given. Should it be published, I would suggest as a title "Uncle Tom's Cabin in Russia." Nobody, I presume, will suspect Chevalier KHANIKOFF of being a *naughty Abolitionist*.

The following is M. Khanikoff's letter, laboriously deciphered, and literally translated:

I am happy to acknowledge the agreeable impression left on my mind by reading the fine romance by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The Americans must take great satisfaction in having a fellow-countrywomen of so much force of mind and heart. I have always had great faith in the glorious destinies of the land of Washington, but I had not believed that there was given to the new world the power so deeply to move the hearts of old Europe, by developing ideas of humanity which seemed to have been so well analyzed by all our noblest intellects. But Mrs. Stowe has proved the contrary in a manner which admits no reply. Her book, modest as it is, will have more influence on the question of emancipation than all the lofty ardour of those great orators of the Anglo-Saxon race, who on both sides of the Atlantic have so nobly defended the abuse of human flesh, a little darker complexion of which exposes it to the slave driver's whip. England may congratulate herself that this book was not published among the negroes of her own colonies; for this has left in English hearts only pleasant reflections, and a profound complacency at having preceded other nations in the right comprehension of that divine word, which we all accept, either in fact or in name, as the law of our conduct.

In France, where there are no slaves, but where religious ideas are vague and fluctuating, the success of this work has been no less remarkable. The first of French novelists, George Sand, greets the translation of the work with a hearty welcome. In an article published in the *feuilleton* of the *Presse* of Dec. 20th, 1852, she declares that Mrs. Stowe is a saint. "Yes! a saint—thrice a saint is the soul which thus loves, blesses and consoles the martyrs! Pure, penetrating and profound is the mind which thus sounds the recesses of human being! Great, generous and vast is the heart which embraces with pity, love and respect an entire race groveling in blood and mire, under the lash of the oppressor, under the curse of the wicked."

Among ourselves, although, thank God! our law of servitude is founded on entirely different principles from that of America, the sensation has been deep and painful. An eloquence so simple so Christian, coming from so pure a heart, could not but move the most stubborn; and the tears which have been shed in our country over the brilliant pages of this admirable work will, I hope, weigh heavily in the balance in which is very soon, I trust, to be tried the question of the complete abolition of the law of serfdom.

I conclude my long letter—a sorry substitute for the pleasure of conversing with you—with the request that you would procure me an English or American edition, if possible an illustrated one, of "*My Uncle's Tom Cabin*." Monsieur D—— will have the kindness to transmit it to me.

I have the honour to be
Your very humble and obedient servant,
—*Independent*.] N. KHANIKOFF.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR: My friend, Mr. Estlin, who, I regret to say, is disabled from writing by illness, has directed my attention to a letter from the Rev. Edmund Squire, in the *Inquirer* of the 4th inst.; and from the fact of my having been, for many years, intimately connected with the Anti-Slavery movement in America, he is anxious that I should correct certain erroneous statements contained therein, which he justly regards as calculated to mislead your readers. The statements to which my friend refers are to be found grouped together near the beginning of Mr. Squire's letter, and seem to be the foundation on which are based his main arguments and inferences. I propose to notice them briefly and categorically. Mr. Squire says:

"It is a matter of fact that, some years since, there was, in certain of the Slave States, a growing disposition on the part of the slaveholders to consider the question of emancipation favourably, and to ascertain what could be done in reference to it; and it is a matter of fact that the injudicious and intemperate conduct of the so called Abolitionists speedily put that question to rest, closed the hearts of the masters, and postponed the day of hope to the slave."

Now, in regard to the first clause of this sentence, I beg leave to say that so far from there being a "growing disposition" on the part of the slaveholders, in the years referred to, to consider the question of emancipation favourably, the precise opposite of this was the case; and that it is a matter of indisputable fact that, instead of there being a "growing disposition," there was a growing *indis*position, during the time alluded to, to look with favour upon any proposal to abolish Slavery in any of the Southern States. Among the causes which operated to produce this state of things may be enumerated—First, the discovery of the cotton-gin, by Whitney, a discovery which increased the cotton crop twelve-fold in the space of three years, and which enhanced the value of slaves proportionably; Second, the acquisition and annexation of Florida and Louisiana, opening up a new market for slaves, and making slave-breeding a profitable business in Maryland and Virginia; and Thirdly and mainly, the establishment of the American Colonisation Society, an institution which, while it displaced the old Abolition Societies that had been instrumental in removing Slavery from Pennsylvania, and other States north of it, at the same time taught the doctrine that emancipation was not a duty, but the contrary, unless coupled with the, in most cases, impossible, and in no case desirable, condition of expatriation to the coast of Africa. Owing to these causes, mainly, there was a growing indisposition "to consider the question of emancipation favourably," from the year 1793, the date of the cotton gin, and especially from the year 1816, when the African Colonisation scheme was originated, to the year 1831, the time to which Mr. Squire evidently alludes, when the question of Emancipation was discussed in the Virginia Legislature. The circumstance that this discussion ended in the indefinite postponement of the whole subject is set down by Mr. Squire as a matter of fact to be attributed to the injudicious agitation of the Abolitionists. Now, I respectfully submit that this is not a matter of fact, but a matter of inference, and that, as a matter of logical honesty, nothing more should be claimed for it. Let us see what the facts are in the case: In the summer of 1831, there occurred in Virginia the famous Southampton insurrection, in which a number of slaves, headed by one of their number, of the name of Nat Turner, rose against their masters. This produced a great panic throughout the State, and one of its effects was the introduction of a proposition into the Legislature of Virginia looking to some plan of gradual emancipation. During the debates on this subject, some good speeches were made by men in whose breasts the love of impartial liberty had not been quite extinguished by the causes which have been referred to. But the proposition was lost by a large vote; the panic subsided throughout the State, and the whole question was considered as put indefinitely to rest. To say that this postponement of the subject, or the failure of the Legislature at any subsequent time to resume it, was the result of the Anti-Slavery agitation, is to make an assertion which is inherently improbable and altogether gratuitous. I am aware that it is one which is not unfrequently made by a certain class of opponents of Abolition in America, but I think it is not too much to say that among honest and candid people there, who are well-informed on the subject, there is not one person in a thousand who attaches the slightest weight to it.

Mr. Squire's next assertion is, that "It is a matter of fact that over and over again the violence and evil spirit of some of the Abolitionists have enstamped on them too truthfully the character of the worst foes of the slave." As a set-off against this, it may be sufficient for me to state that the slaveholders are of a different opinion. They may be presumed to know what is likely to affect favourably or injuriously their system, and no fact is more notorious than that of their dread of the influence of the Abolitionists. If the State of Georgia were of the opinion that the Abolition agitation was calculated to "postpone the day of hope to the slave," she would probably repeal the Act now standing upon her statute books offering a reward of 5,000 dols. for the head of William Lloyd Garrison.

The fourth and last assertion of Mr. Squire is, that "It is a matter of fact to all who know the real circumstances, that the present party of Abolitionists, who are most violent in their language and bearing, have not the remotest chance of accomplishing their end." This is going a step further, and asserting, as a matter of fact, that which is not even a matter of inference, but one purely of conjecture. As such it will, of course, go for what it is worth; but I respectfully submit that, coming as it does from one who is seen to make such confident assertions on evidence so slight, and who confounds with so much facility facts with inferences, and mere matters of opinion with matters of absolute verity, it is a conjecture which should be received with many grains of allowance. As an opinion on the other side of this question, I may be allowed to state that the belief prevails among thousands upon thousands of the most enlightened people on this subject in America, that the Abolitionists not only have the very best "chance of accomplishing their end," but that the means which are now in operation are as certain in due time to bring about this consummation as truth is to overcome error, or light to dispel darkness. It is an unquestioned fact, that, owing to the labours of the Abolitionists, the American nation is at this time convulsed on the Slavery question from centre to circumference, and in this fact many of the farthest seeing champions of Slavery read, as the handwriting upon the wall, the doom of their system.

I have thus complied with my friend Mr. Estlin's request. In so doing, I have not considered it incumbent on me to notice the epithets which Mr. Squire uses with so much freedom in application to Abolitionists, such as "intemperate," "violent," men of "evil spirit," "*so-called* Abolitionists," "violent in spirit and bearing," &c. With intelligent persons, such as the readers of the *Inquirer*, may be presumed to be, such assertions will hardly be found to add much force to the argument.—I am, Sir, yours very respectfully, J. M. M'KIM.

21, Cecil-street, Strand, London, June 14, 1853.

P. S.—Mr. Estlin requests me to add, that, with the exception of the preceding statements, there is no other point in Mr. Squire's letter of the 4th instant to which, had he been able, he should have desired to reply. In reference to his remarks at the Western Christian Union on Mr. Squire's letter from Boston, there is nothing which Mr. Estlin wishes to recall or to qualify. That letter is before the public, who will put their own interpretation upon it; and there is also an able commentary upon it in the *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for April, which, with the letter itself, has been copied into the American Anti-Slavery papers. While not doubting Mr. Squire's sincerity and good intentions, Mr. Estlin considers his expedients for putting an end to Slavery to be precisely those which have obstructed the Abolition movement, and have furnished a pretext to the religious organisation of the Free States of America for avoiding any "direct aggression" upon Slavery, while loudly professing their abhorrence of this iniquity.—J. M. M'K.—*London Inquirer*.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

OUR relations with this paper are sufficiently curious to be laid before the public. In the latter part of April and the first of May, we had noticed, in the Southern papers, a paragraph purporting to be from the *Observer* of New York, though it was really from a Southern paper of the same name. As the *N. Y. Observer* is noted for the personal animosity which it has long infused into its attacks on Mrs. Stowe and her brother, and for the vindictiveness with which it fomented Joel Parker's difficulty with them, no editor doubted the authenticity of the paragraph. We did not, when we copied it from a Democratic paper in the interior of Pennsylvania, and, in a few lines, exposed its maliciousness. A few days after, we received a letter from the Reverend editor of the *Observer*, denying that the paragraph had ever appeared in his paper and calling on us for our authority. We inserted the letter immediately in the *Register*, and, though the exchange paper from which we had copied had been destroyed, had no difficulty in giving the names of several papers which had published the paragraph prior to its appearance in our columns. This reparation had a conspicuous place, in editorial type. It was as full and complete as we could make it. A copy of the paper was sent to the *N. Y. Observer*, and to make assurance doubly sure, we wrote a private letter to the Rev. Mr. Prime, the editor, enclosing a slip of the article. What then was our surprise when a correspondent called our attention to the following editorial in the *N. Y. Observer*!

A FABRICATION.—The paragraph below, upon Mrs. Stowe's book, is going the rounds of the Abolition presses, in which it is credited to the *N. Y. Observer*. The Albany *Evening Journal* publishes it with sundry comments, touching the *Observer*, suggested by the paragraph. The *Tribune*, of course, makes it a theme for one of the splenetic effusions with which it has lately abounded, and which have been especially poured out against ourselves. The Philadelphia *Daily Register*, of Friday last, a paper of which we know nothing excepting its name, contained the article, asserting that it was from the *Observer*, and accompanying it with a peculiarly venomous attack, which was circulated broadcast by a messenger in the O. S. Presbyterian Assembly

We know not how many other papers have copied it, and made their comments in a like spirit; but it will travel where the denial cannot reach it. The paragraph is as follows:

"The work, Uncle Tom's Cabin, is, to say the least of it, a smutty story—quite too familiar with the kitchen and the parlour of the debauchee, and the numerous yellow mistresses who have the honour of presiding in their midnight scenes of corruption."

The readers of the *Observer* cannot need to be informed that nothing of the kind ever appeared in this paper, but such is a fact. It is an entire fabrication. We are sorry to take away the text on which so many have freely expressed themselves, but they are welcome to the commentaries. We can scarcely suppose they will have magnanimity enough to make the correction which justice requires.

This article is worthy of an accomplished Jesuit. By a careful arrangement of words, the charge is insinuated against the "Abolition presses" of having forged the paragraph, although the Rev. Mr. Prime must have known full well that it had been published extensively in the South before appearing at all in the North. This trick of slander is one common enough among county court pettifoggers, but so rare in the respectable press as to merit the severest rebuke. On reading this article, we wrote again to the Reverend gentleman to ask for a copy of any number of his paper in which the *Register* was alluded to, and to demand an acknowledgement of our prompt correction of the error. We received one containing the above article. Several weeks have elapsed, and the *N. Y. Observer* has suffered us to be under the odious imputations it made so recklessly. Its ethics are evidently as low as its use of the English language is faulty. The venomous sentence with which its article concludes, blunders in confounding "magnanimity" with "justice." We can scarcely suppose there is an editor in the country who would consider it "*magnanimous*" to make the correction which the *Observer* required. The best advice we can give the Rev. Mr. Prime is to stick to his lucrative employment of defending Slavery in the name of God. The less he says about either "justice" or "magnanimity," the better. His paper is probably making more infidels and money than any other ecclesiastical weekly in the United States.—*Phil. Register*.

ENGLISH UNITARIANS—ANOTHER ADMONITION.

At the Annual meeting of the West Riding of Yorkshire Unitarian Tract and Village Mission Society, held at Bradford, June 8th, the regular business having been concluded,

JOSEPH LUPTON, Esq., of Leeds, rose to propose a resolution on the subject of American Slavery. He deemed such a proposition perfectly consonant with the objects of the meeting, and was sorry he had to move it in the absence of one who moved a similar resolution on occasion of the meeting, two years ago, as it would have been proposed by that gentleman with much more power and effect than he could give it. He (Mr. Lupton) had himself drawn up a resolution which he conceived to be stronger than the one he was about to propose; one also which acknowledged the appeal of the Anti-Slavery Society, and which addressed itself more directly to American Unitarians; yet in committee he had agreed to postpone the one he held in his hand, with a view to the unanimous adoption of the meeting. It was as follows: "That this meeting, in the same spirit in which, two years ago, the assembled friends of the Society recorded their 'sorrowful surprise' at the then 'fresh effort made in the United States' to perpetuate Slavery, 'by means of the Fugitive Slave Law,' and their 'grief and shame' to see the observance of that law advocated by 'professors and ministers of the Gospel of Christ,' is now impelled to cast its glance, sadly and yet trustfully, upon the same dark page of human life. Believing that all true Christians must desire and anticipate, and ought, according to their opportunities and powers, to labour for the extinction of Slavery wherever it exists, it gladly hails the rapid growth of public opinion on the subject, as distinctly marked by the production, and widely promoted by the diffusion of that true and powerful book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' That it relies upon the growth of Christian opinion and Christian feeling on both sides of the Atlantic, to bring this question more and more rapidly to its solution, with the aid of those great Providential agencies which show Slavery to be an accursed as well as a sinful thing, and without presumption to judge or condemn those whose plans of abolition may be more rapid or more gradual than its own, it would give its sympathies and good wishes, and, so far as it can, its aid, to all well-advised plans for emancipation, and say God speed to the emancipators." Mr. Lupton spoke warmly and earnestly on the points on which he would have had the resolution stronger; and, before sitting down, said that the lecture by Mr. Wicksteed, to which such striking allusion had been made by Mr. Armstrong, was delivered twice in Mill Hill Chapel, and printed at the desire and expense of a Trinitarian gentleman.

The Rev. E. HIGGINSON seconded the resolution, saying it had been the aim of those who had considered it to obtain for it unanimous approval, leaving the expression of individual opinion on the subject perfectly free.

The Resolution was carried unanimously. After some remarks by Dr. BATEMAN,

The Rev. J. K. MONTGOMERY, who made some objections, the Secretary, and others, the following resolution, also (at first a part of the former one), was moved by JOS. LUPTON, Esq., and seconded by Rev. E. HALL, of Leeds, and passed by the meeting, viz.:

"That the foregoing Resolution be forwarded by the Secretary of this Society to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, London; and to the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, New York, for presentation to the American Unitarian Association."
—*London Inquirer*.

'PRINCE JOHN' AND TOM CORWIN.

From the National Era.

THE way of the transgressors is hard enough, but under the Pierce dynasty it is nothing to the way the prodigal sons are to be served after they have tasted of the fatted calf, dressed to welcome their return. To our taste, the husks of the third party had a better relish and a pleasanter digestion. The elder brethren who never left the household are evidently the chief cooks of the entertainment, and serve it without grace.

The Hunkers remember 1848, and so do we. Those were the days when we went gypsying with the Prince and the pious Butler. It is amusing now to recollect that we have seen John mobbed, as nearly as four or five thousand indignant Whigs and Locos could achieve so laudable an undertaking; it is really funny to think of his quantity of piety being persecuted; and to look back at his sufferings for conscience sake, as an actual fact! We fancy we can hear him now, as then, delivering the oracle, "There is such a thing as being right as well as regular!" John, you are immortal—but, as a wag. We have made out our own pardon for believing that when good motives for right conduct were as plenty as blackberries, you had some of them. You are a good-looking fellow, and, for a little while, had the benefit of good company; but, it is of no avail for you to get *right* again; better, on the whole, for all honest men, that you stay *regular*. And, as for brother Butler, we recommend him also to keep out of revivals, and stick to "stated preaching." If you are treated with contempt and suspicion by your present political associates, it will not add very much to the burden of your own; so we leave you to your luck; and don't let your conscience trouble you in the least. Repentance is not a grace for them, and for that place where there is no reformation possible. We have fed upon the crumbs that fell from your table, and owe you something for a few helpful licks, and would willingly dip the tips of our fingers in water to cool your lips when you get into torment, but for the width of the gulf. Prayers for the dead don't reach beyond purgatory. We must hide our grief in our own heart, for it is not lawful to send our good wishes all the way after you. You have become *National Democrats*; and, "to give the devil his due," we consent and submit, but our humanity shudders at the fierce extremes of heat and cold that are in reserve for you.

And now, that our sympathies are flowing freely, where is our old friend Tom Corwin, of glorious memory? The last thing we recollect of him, personally, happened on the Western Reserve, in 1840—a long time ago! That day he performed one of the most capital dodges that we have seen done even on the Western stump. There were a few Abolitionists among the twenty thousand auditors that he was playing upon for his own and General Harrison's election; but they wanted to vote for Old Tip anyhow, and, as they say in Pennsylvania, "never let on" about his pro-slavery votes, duly recorded in the Abolition almanac of the day. The Locos, however, were well-posted up about it, and if they could only get the Governor to say something about it, one way or the other, they had something to make by it. For, if he came out flat-footed against the Abolitionists, he would lose them; and if he pleased them, he must offend a host of "good Whigs and true." "Tom"—that is, the Honourable Thomas Corwin—had just made an effective pause in his oratory, and was taking a drink, when a frosty-faced, slab-sided Locofoco, six feet and an indefinite number of inches high, rose about the middle of the mass, and, stretching himself up like a jack-screw, letting out one joint of his back-bone after another, until he stood a head and shoulders above the crowd, cried out, in a voice that might split a gum stump, "What do you say to Abolition?" Tom—his name was in such constant use that it had to be shortened for convenience—Tom, taken all aback, and not a loop-hole left for escape, looked around for a moment in honest distress, which served better than acting it for his purpose, and letting it first take effect, put on the roguery required, and, when every eye was blazing on him, and every heart standing still with expectation, he covered his face with both hands, leaving an out-look for his eyes between the fingers, and, in a tone of exquisitely done-up mock embarrassment, cried out, "That's not a fair question to put to a man of MY COLOUR." Tom is doubtless as comely, morally and politically, as the curtains of Solomon; but he is, nevertheless, as balck, complexionally, as the tents of Kedar. The effect was immense, and the impertinence of the Democrat was drowned in the explosion of applause.

But what a difference there is between exploding a joke in the woods and a bomb-shell in the Senate chamber! The last we heard of him, after that volcanic eruption, was that he ran away to escape from the falling fragments. We hope he is not hurt, for there isn't a better agitator alive. From painting rainbows to ladling out lava, for mixing logic and laughter, fun and philosophy, with effect, he has scarcely a match in the Union, however unbounded. Ah, Prince John, and Governor Tom, we could better have spared better men, for we had plenty of them, and you shan't want an epitaph while words of ours may do you a grace.

ESCAPE OF SOLOMON NORTHUP.

A NIGHT IN THE GREAT PACONDRIA SWAMP.

[The following thrilling sketch is from a new work soon to be published, entitled "The Narrative of Solomon Northup, a citizen of New York, kidnapped and sold into Slavery, in Washington city, in 1844, and rescued in 1853, from a cotton plantation near Red River, in Louisiana."]

AT the end of a month, my services being no longer required at Tanner's, I was sent over the bayou again to my master, whom I found engaged in building the Cotton Press. This was situated at some distance from the Great House, in a rather retired place. I commenced working once more in company with Tibeats; being entirely alone with him part of the time, I remembered the words of Chapin, his precaution, his advice to beware lest in some unsuspected moment he might injure me. They were always in my mind, so that I lived in a most uneasy state of apprehension and fear, one eye was on my work, the other on my master. I determined to give him no cause of offence, to work still more diligently, if possible, than I had done, to bear whatever abuse he might heap upon me, save bodily injury, humbly and patiently; hoping thereby to soften in some degree his manner towards me, until the blessed time came when I should be delivered from his clutches.

The third morning after my return, Chapin left the plantation for Cheneyville, to be absent until night. Tibeats on that morning was attacked with one of those periodical fits of spleen and ill-humour to which he was frequently subject, rendering him still more disagreeable and venomous than usual. It was about nine o'clock in the forenoon when I was busily employed with the jack plane on one of the sweeps. Tibeats was standing by the work bench, fitting a handle into the chisel with which he had been engaged previously cutting the thread of the screw.

"You are not planing that down enough," said he.

"It is just even with the line," I replied.

"You's a d——d liar!" he exclaimed passionately.

"Oh! well master," I said mildly, "I will plane it down more, if you say so;" at the same time proceeding to do as I supposed he desired. Before one shaving had been removed, however, he cried out, "I had now planed it too deep—it was too small—I had spoiled the sweep entirely." I had endeavoured to do exactly as he directed, but nothing would satisfy the unreasonable man. In silence and in dread I stood by the sweep holding the jack plane in my hand, not knowing what to do, and not daring to be idle. His anger grew more and more violent, until finally, with an oath—such a bitter, frightful oath as only Tibeats could utter—he seized a hatchet from the work bench and darted toward me, swearing he would cut my head open. It was a moment of life or death. The sharp, bright blade of the hatchet glittered in the sun. In another instant it would be buried in my brain, and yet in that instant, so quick will a man's thoughts come to him in such a fearful straight, I reasoned with myself. If I stood still, my doom was certain—if I fled, ten chances to one the hatchet, flying from his hand with a too deadly and unerring aim, would strike me in the back. There was but one course to take—springing towards him with all my power and meeting him full half way before he could bring down the blow, with one hand I caught his uplifted arm, with the other seized him by the throat. We stood looking each other in the eyes. In his I could see murder. I felt as if I had a serpent by the neck, watching the slightest relaxation of my grip, to coil itself around my body, crushing and stinging it to death. I thought to scream aloud, trusting that some ear might catch the sound—but Chapin was away, the hands were in the field; there was no living soul in sight or hearing.

The good being which thus far through life had saved me from the hands of violence at that moment suggested a lucky thought. With a vigorous and sudden kick that brought him on one knee with a groan, I released my hold upon his throat, snatched the hatchet and cast it beyond reach. Frantic with rage, maddened beyond control, he seized a white oak stick, four feet long perhaps, and as large in circumference as his hand could grasp, which was lying on the ground. Again he rushed towards me, and again I met him, seized him about the waist, and being the stronger of the two, bore him to the earth. While in that position, I obtained possession of the stick, and, rising, cast it from me also. He likewise arose and ran for the broad axe on the work bench. Fortunately there was a heavy plank lying upon its broad blade in such a manner that he could not extricate it before I had sprung upon his back. Pressing him closely down and heavily on the plank, so that the axe was held more firmly in its place, I endeavoured, but in vain, to break his grasp upon the handle. In that position we remained some minutes. There have been hours in my unhappy life—many of them—when the contemplation of death as the end of earthly sorrows, of the grave as a resting place for the tired and worn-out body, has been pleasant to dwell upon.

But such contemplations vanish as they approach. No man in his full strength can stand undismayed in the presence of the "King of Terrors." Life is dear to every living thing. The worm that crawls upon the ground will struggle for it. At that moment it was dear to me, enslaved and treated as I was. Not able to unloose his hand, once more I seized him by the throat, and this time with a vice-like gripe that soon relaxed his hold. He became pliant and unstrung—his face that had been white with passion, was now black with suffocation—those small serpent eyes that spat such venom were now full of horrors; two great white orbs starting from their sockets. There was a lurking devil in my breast that prompted me to kill the blood-hound on the spot—to retain the grip on his accursed throat till the breath of life was gone. I dare not murder him, and I dare not let him live. If I killed him, my life must pay the forfeit—if he lived, my life would only satisfy his vengeance. A voice within whispered for me to fly. A wanderer among the swamps, a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth, was preferable to the life I was leading. My resolution was then formed, and, swinging him from the work bench to the ground, I leaped a fence near by and hurried across the plantation, passing the slaves at work in the cotton field. At the end of about a quarter of a mile, I reached the wood pasture, and it was a small portion of time indeed that I had been running for it.

Climbing on to a high fence, I could see the Cotton Press, the Great House and the space between. It was a conspicuous position from whence the whole of the plantation was in view. I could see Tibeats crossing the field towards the house and enter it—then he came out again carrying his saddle, and presently mounted his horse and galloped away.

I was desolate, but thankful. Thankful that my life was spared—desolate and discouraged with the prospect before me. What would become of me?—who would befriend me?—whither should I fly! Oh God! thou who gavest me life, and implanted in my bosom the love of life—who filled it with emotions such as other men, thy creatures, have—do not forsake me! Have pity on the poor slave; let me not perish; if thou dost not protect me, I am lost—lost. Such supplications, silently and unuttered, ascended from my inmost heart to Heaven. But there was no answering voice, no sweet, low tone coming from on high, whispering to my soul, "It is I, be not afraid." I was forsaken of God, it seemed—the despised and hated of men. In about three-fourths of an hour, several slaves shouted and made signs for me to run. Presently, looking up the bayou, I saw Tibeats and two others on horseback, coming at a fast gait, followed by a troop of dogs. There was as many as eight or ten.

Distant as I was, I knew them. They belonged on the adjoining plantation. The dogs used on the Bayou Bœuf for hunting slaves are a kind of blood-hound, but a far more savage breed than is found in the Northern States. They attack a negro at their master's bidding, and cling to him as the common bull dog will cling to a four-footed animal. Frequently their loud bay is heard in the swamps, and then there is a speculation as to what point the runaway will be overhauled, the same as an English farmer stops to listen to the hounds coursing along the hill-sides, and suggests to his companion that the fox will be taken at such a place.

I never knew a slave escape with his life from Bayou Bœuf. One reason is, they are not allowed to learn the art of swimming, and are incapable of crossing the most inconsiderable stream. In their fright they can go in no direction but a little way without coming to a bayou, when the inevitable alternative is presented of being drowned or overtaken by the dogs. In youth, I had practiced in the clear streams that flow through my native district, until I had become an expert swimmer, and felt at home in that element. I stood upon the fence until the dogs had reached the Cotton Press. In an instant more their long savage yells announced they were on my track.

Leaping down from my position, I ran towards the swamp. Fear gave me strength, and I exerted it to the utmost. Every few moments I could hear the yelping of the dogs. They were gaining upon me. Every howl was nearer and nearer. Each moment I expected to feel their long teeth sinking into my flesh. There were so many of them, I knew they would tear me to pieces, that they would worry me at once to death.

I gasped for breath—gasped forth a half-uttered choking prayer to the Almighty to save me—to give me strength to reach some wide, deep bayou, where I could throw them off the track or sink into its waters. Presently I reached a thick palmetto bottom. As I fled through them they made a loud, rustling noise; not enough, however, to drown the voice of the dogs. Continuing my course due south as nearly as I could judge, I came at length to water just over the shoe. The hounds at that moment could not have been five rods behind me. I could hear them crashing and plunging through the palmettoes, their loud, eager yells making the whole swamp clamorous with the sound. Hope revived a little as I reached the water. If it were only deeper they might lose the scent, and thus disconcerted afford me an opportunity of evading them. Luckily it grew deeper the farther I proceeded—now over my ancles—now half-way to my knees—now sinking a moment to my waist, then coming where it was more shallow.

The dogs had not gained upon me since I struck the water. Evidently they were confused. Now their savage intonations grew more and more distant, assuring me that I was leaving them. Finally I stopped to rest and listen, but the long howl came booming in the air again, telling me that I was not yet safe. From bog to bog where I had stopped they could still keep on my track, though impeded by the water. At length to my great joy, I came to a wide bayou, and, plunging in, soon stemmed its sluggish current to the other side. There, certainly, the dogs would be confounded, the current carrying down the stream all traces of that mysterious scent which enables the quick-smelling hound to follow in the track of the pursued. After crossing the bayou the water became so deep that I could not run. I was now in what I afterwards learned was the "Great Pecondria Swamp." It was filled with immense trees—the sycamore, the gum, the cottonwood and cypress, and extends, I am informed, to the shores of the Calcasion River. For thirty or forty miles it is without an inhabitant, save wild beasts—the bear, the wild-cat, the tiger, and great slimy reptiles, that were crawling through it every where. Long before I reached the bayou, in fact from the time I struck the water until I emerged from the swamp on my return, these reptiles surrounded me. I saw hundreds of moccasin snakes. Every log and bough—every trunk or fallen tree over which I was compelled to step or clinch, was alive with them. They crawled away at my approach, but sometimes in my haste I would almost place my hand or foot upon them. They are a poison-

ous serpent—their bite more fatal than the rattle-snake's. Besides, I had lost one shoe, the sole having come entirely off, leaving the upper only dangling to my ancle. I saw also many alligators, great and small, lying in the water, or on pieces of float-wood. The noise I made would usually startle them, when they would move off and plunge into the deepest places. Sometimes, however, I would come directly upon a monster before observing it. In such cases I would start back, run a short way round, and in that manner shun them. Straight forward they will move a short distance very fast, but do not possess the power of turning. In a crooked race there is no danger of them.

About two o'clock in the afternoon I heard the last of the hounds; probably they did not cross the bayou. Wet and weary, but relieved from the sense of instant peril, I continued on, more cautious and afraid, however, of the snakes and alligators than I had been in the earlier portions of my flight. Now, before stepping into a muddy pool, I would strike the water with a stick; if the water moved, I would go round it; if not, I would venture through.

At length the sun went down, and gradually night's trailing mantle shrouded the great swamp in darkness; still I staggered on, fearing every instant I should feel the deadful sting of the moccasin, or be crushed beneath the jaws of some disturbed alligator. The dread of them alone equalled the fear of the pursuing hounds. The moon rose after a time, its mild light creeping down through the overspreading branches, loaded down with long pendant moss.

I kept travelling forward, hoping all the while that I would soon emerge into some less desolate and dangerous region, until after midnight. But the water grew deeper, and the walking more difficult than ever. I perceived that it would be impossible to proceed much further, and knew not, moreover, what hands I should fall into if I should succeed in reaching a human habitation. Not provided with a pass, any white man would be at liberty to arrest me and place me in prison until such time as my master should "prove property, pay charges, and take me away." I was an *estray*, and if so unfortunate as to meet a law-abiding citizen of Lousiana, he would deem it his duty to his neighbour, perhaps, to put me in the pound.

Really, it was difficult to determine which I had most to fear—dogs, alligators, or men.

After midnight, however, I came to a halt. Imagination cannot picture the dreariness of the scene; the swamp was resonant with the quacking of innumerable ducks; since the foundation of the earth, in all probability, a human footstep had never before penetrated the recesses of the swamp—it was silent now—silent to a degree that rendered it oppressive, as it was when the sun was shining in the heavens.

My midnight intrusion had awakened the feathered tribes, which seemed to throng the morass in hundreds of thousands, and their garrulous throats poured forth such multitudinous sounds—there was such a fluttering of wings—such sullen plunges in the water all around me, that I was affrighted and appalled. All the fowls of the air, and all the creeping things of the earth, appeared to have assembled together in that place for the purpose of filling it with clamour and confusion. Not by human dwellings—not in crowded cities alone, are the sights and sounds of life! the wildest places of the earth are full of them. Even in the heart of that dismal swamp, God had provided a refuge and a dwelling place for millions of living things.

The moon had now risen above the trees, and I resolved upon a new project. Thus far I had travelled as near south as possible. Turning about I now proceeded in a north-west direction, my object being to strike the pine woods in the vicinity of Master Ford's. Once within the shadow of his protection, I felt I would be comparatively safe.

My clothes were in tatters, my hands, face and body covered with scratches received from the sharp knots of fallen trees, and in climbing over piles of brush and flood-wood; my bare foot was full of thorns. I was besmeared with muck and mud and the green slime that had collected on the surface of the dead water, in which I had been immersed to the neck many times during the day and night.

Hour after hour, and tiresome indeed had they become, I continued to plod along in my northwest course. The water began to grow less deep and the ground more firm under my feet. At last I reached the Pacoudrie, the same wide bayou I had swam when "outward bound." I swam it again; and shortly after I thought I heard a cock crow, but the sound was faint, and it might have been a mockery of the ear. The water receded from my advancing footsteps now: I had left the bogs behind me: now I was on dry land that gradually ascended to the plain, and I knew I was *somewhere* in the "Great Pine Wood."

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

In a late review of the articles of J. B. W. in the *Independent*, the editor holds the following language concerning the American Tract Society, showing very clearly how wide spread the conviction is that a new organization is needed to supply the deficiences of the old, and which, by its moral influences, might help to correct the errors of the old Society:

In regard to the position of the American Tract Society, and the American Sunday School Union, we cannot see that the statement of our correspondent is at all exaggerated. The Sunday School Union has indeed upon its list of publications a cheap and unattractive edition of Cowper's Task, printed from the stereotype plates of the London Religious Tract Society. And with this exception we know not that they have uttered a syllable implying that Slavery or the American slave-trade is not right. Nay, the fact alluded to by our correspondent is not stated by him in its full strength. The book dropped from the list of their publications at the demand of a southern patron was a History of Joseph, written by the late Dr. Gallaudet, who was far from being an immediate Abolitionist. And why was it dropped? Because, in narrating the sale of Joseph by his brethren, the author had ventured to utter a very natural remark to the effect that the selling of human beings into Slavery was wrong. We forgot what southern man it was who was impudent enough to make the demand; but we cannot forget the cowardice of the compliance. The position of the American Tract Society is no less dishonourable. We are not aware that it has ever submitted to the identical degradation of suppressing one of its own stereotype books on the ground that some expression displeasing to the abettors of the American slave-trade had happened to escape the vigilance of the publishing committee; but, on the other hand, it cannot point even to a two-penny edition of Cowper's Task as evidence that it is not afraid to publish a syllable that can be construed into disapproval of a system that is the shame of America and the abhorrence of Christianity. Nor is its cautious silence in this respect its only shame. Its positive mutilations of works of living authors—we refer only to those mutilations which have been made for the single purpose of suppressing incidental allusions to the wickedness of Slavery—are a disgrace to American Christianity.

REV. DR. LANG—AMERICAN SLAVERY.

To the Editor of the Morning Advertiser:

SIR—At one time, twenty years ago, the Legislature of Virginia were very near passing an act for the emancipation of slaves in that State; but a reaction has taken place since then. The land of the statesman who said, "Give me liberty, or give me death," has become more pro-slavery than ever. While the Virginians were retrogressing in the path of humanity, the abolition agitation fostered by William Lloyd Garrison in a Baltimore jail, and in a Boston printing-garret, gradually became a great national movement, causing the foundations of Slavery to shake to their very centre. Therefore, quoth the Rev. Dr. Lang, because Virginia has gone backward since Garrison wrote those immortal words, "I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice—I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard"; he, and those who co-operate with him, are the primary cause of this perfidity! Such is Dr. Lang's logic.

I deny *in toto* that the recreancy of Virginia is to be attributed to the course pursued by the Abolitionists. Dr. Lang makes a statement which he cannot support by a single fact.

The Rev. Dr. Lang is a Protestant minister. He probably reveres the memory of Luther. Does he believe that the denunciations which that great reformer hurled against ecclesiastical despotism caused Popery to flourish? Unless Christianity be a delusion, and history a lie, an evil, to be overcome, must be exposed in all its wickedness, just as the Abolitionists have laid bare the iniquities of that system which chattelises humanity.

Does Dr. Lang know the dark history of the American Church? Does he know how that, year after year, the religious bodies have become more and more allied to Slavery? Has he compared the action of the churches on Slavery with what it was for many years after the Revolution? Because in the faithlessness of the professed teachers of the gospel of liberty, he may to some extent learn the reason of Virginian apostacy. He knows, of course, what has become the staple trade of Virginia; and in that shameful commerce, so profitable in a pecuniary sense, and so debasing morally, can he not detect one great cause of the retrogression of that State, without attempting to attach the guilt to such men as William Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson, who, at least, have shown as much devotion to their principles as Dr. Lang has to his.

I will give Dr. Lang a field for inquiry. Can he find out what would have been the condition of Slavery in America *now*, if the powerful voice of Garrison had not been raised, if George Thompson's earnest eloquence had been silent, if Theodore Parker's pulpit thunder had never been awakened, if Lovejoy had not engaged in those labours which caused his martyrdom, and if such books as Weld's "Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had not been circulated throughout the length and breath of the land? If, instead of endeavouring to arouse the American Church, and to awaken the moral sense of the American people, the Abolitionists had concentrated their strength upon the Free Labour movement, what would now have been the condition of that Church and that nation; and what would now have been the fate of Cuba and Mexico?

I thank God, Sir, that the Abolitionists have devoted their energies as they have done; because, after all, however valuable the commercial helps proposed by Dr. Lang may be, moral agencies are necessarily more powerful, and, in the long run, the most successful. And if any one doubts this, let that person just compare Abolitionism in America now with what it was when Garrison first spoke. Then, mob law was rife against it in every town and village of the North. Lovejoy was massacred in Alton, in Illinois; Garrison was mobbed in Boston; Tappan's house was demolished in New York; Thompson was hunted through Massachusetts by hired assassins. *Now*, Anti-Slavery Wesleyan missionaries dare to preach freedom to the slave in North Carolina, and Cassius M. Clay and John G. Fee in Kentucky.

Let Dr. Lang push forward the Free Labour movement. It is one of great importance; and in any practical scheme he will, I doubt not, have the earnest co-operation of *all* Abolitionists; but, as he values the cause of emancipation, and believes in the power of great principles to triumph by moral means, do not let him calumniate those who are engaged in a different department of Anti-Slavery labour to himself.

Yours, respectfully,
F. W. CHESSON.

—*(London) Morning Advertiser.*

THE CHASE—A DREAM.

As lone I sat one wintry night, and listened to the rain
That, with a dull, continuous sound, pattered upon the pane,
Gazing upon the cheerful fire that glowed with ruddy beam,
I fell into a musing mood, and then into a dream.

Methought it was a Sabbath morn, and in a Temple fair
I stood and watched the gathering throng, who met for praise and prayer;
Up the broad aisles they gaily swept, in silks and satins drest,
In broadcloths fine, with jewels rare (for each one wore his best).

But as I gazed, there came a man, with slow and weary pace,
Bearing upon his brow the stain of Afric's injured race;
As seeking for the "Negro pew," he meekly onward passed,
I sighed to see each glance in scorn upon him coldly cast.

Just then a carriage, gaily grand, drew up before the door,
With trappings brilliant as the sun and sable coursers four,
And from it stepped a gentleman with such a courtly air,
And such a blaze of jewlery, it made the people stare.

O, then there was a generous strife who should most cordial be,
The ladies' kind admiring looks you would have smiled to see;
As up the aisle the stranger passed, the doors of every pew
Wide open at his near approach, as if by magic, flew.

The preacher was a worthy man, his whiskers were in trim,
The ring upon his snowy hand was neither poor nor dim;
He wore the finest broadcloth coat, with linen fine and fair;
How brilliantly his gold watch shone, how glossy was his hair.

And then how fervently he prayed for those who never heard
Salvation's free and joyful news, and then he thanked the Lord
For living in this Christian land of Gospel light; and when
The reverend preacher ended, all the people cried, Amen.

Then opened he the sacred book, and read of him who died,
The meek, the just, the holy One, for sinners crucified;
Who wandered homeless and forlorn on Galilee's far shore,
The comforter of those who mourn, the brother of the poor.

'Twas thus he read in solemn tones, when suddenly a shout
Mingled with the bayings of a hound and curses from without;
And rushing in, with eager haste and eyes that glowed like flame,
Three fierce, rude men, and close behind, the blood-hound allies came.

Out spoke their leader, "Wortny priest, we must your pardon crave
For coming in such earnest haste to seek a missing slave;
We know it is a Sabbath day, but 'tis a righteous cause,
And every good and pious man will help sustain the laws."

"The Constitution," quoth the priest, "dear friend, must be defended,
Else, as great Daniel hath foretold, the Union will be ended;
You've been to church until you all your duty surely know,
Beloved flock, obey the laws, back let the chattel go."

But while he spoke, the fugitive from out the window sprang,
And on the pavement quick below his bounding footsteps rang;
Swift as the stag before the hounds, away, away he ran,
While in pursuit of that poor wretch upstarted every man.

'Twas then upon mine ear a sound of fiendish laughter fell;
And turning where the stranger sat, behold the *King of Hell!*
With cloven foot (no more concealed), and fearful *talons* too,
Clad in a sable suit of mail, with shield of fiery hue.

"You're right," he cried in jeering tones, "you have my approbation,
Most pious priest, and people of this free and Christian nation;
Your honoured leader I will be; but ere you join the chase,
I'll give you forms that shall befit so glorious a race."

Then, with a grin, he seized his wand, and slowly waved it, when
Lo! four-legged hounds that bay'd for blood in place of well-dressed men!
Then out they sprang, and over hill and dale they swiftly sped
Upon the flying bondman's track, Apollyon at their head.

But as, with shouts that chilled my blood, they neared their panting prize,
Methought I saw an angel band descending from the skies;
To seize the hunted wanderer I saw them lowly bend,
Then bear him swiftly from the reach of blood-hounds and foul fiend.

But not to those imbruted eyes was that blest vision given;
They might not see that ransomed soul ascending into Heaven;
With never-ceasing yells, right onward still they flew,
Condemned by fate forevermore a phantom to pursue.

But as I gazed, in wonder lost, I heard the clock's loud stroke,
Tolling the "magic mid-night hour," and suddenly I woke;
The dying flames upon the hearth a fitful radiance shed,
And, pondering on this vision strange, I sought my silent bed.
C. L. M.

—*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

"THE COMPROMISE MEASURES."

There was an amusing game of Politics played in the Assembly yesterday. Mr. D. B. Taylor's Resolutions, endorsing President Pierce's Message as a "Finality," were under consideration. These Resolutions had been staved off, from time to time, by the Barnburners, being a little too highly seasoned with Slavery for their taste, though just what they and all the "Compromisers" had swallowed while engaged in the great work of "Union Saving."

Mr. Holley set the "ball-a-rolling" by a vivid and graphic description of the Free Soil zeal and enthusiasm which warmed the Van Buren Democracy while engaged in constructing the "Buffalo Platform." This reminder was by no means calculated to make these "Dough-Face" Resolutions digestible. Various attempts to evade a vote proved abortive. An inflexible majority insisted that the "Compromise" Polka should be danced out—that the Patriots of every stripe should have another chance to "Save the Union." Hereupon the Speaker vacated, leaving our friend Dr. Ellsworth as his *locum tenens*. The leading Barnburners sat for a while as if there were briars in the chairs or bumble-bees in their pants. Mr. Loomis soon escaped amid the "noise and confusion." Mr. Hastings, after refusing either to vote or run on the first Resolution, *did run* as the vote was to be taken on the third Resolution. Mr. Marsh, a Barnburner from Tompkins, stood up manfully, and gave manly reasons for voting against the Resolution endorsing all the sacrifices demanded of Freedom.

The scene was protracted till 7 o'clock. It was not without its lessons. It exposed the duplicity of men who, for a season and for a purpose, professed devotion to the cause of Freedom.

The insincerity of those who raised such a row about the "Union" has been disgracefully manifest everywhere. Gen. Pierce falsified his own Inaugural by taking a Northern "Free Soiler" and a Southern "Disunionist" into his Cabinet. And the Administration has since brought all its "Compromise" pledges into contempt by the Appointment of Southern Disunionists, New York Buffalo Platform Men, and Massachusetts Abolitionists, to Office.

Results have shown, beyond doubt or denial, that the loud and deafening cry of "Save the Union," was raised by Aspirants for the Presidency, each endeavouring to outbid others in their sacrifices of Freedom to Slavery. These Aspirants—Cass, Webster, and Fillmore—were themselves laid on the shelf, having, by their inglorious trucklings to Slavery, raised a head of steam with which Gen. Pierce's Presidential grist was ground. Though ever a "Dough-Face," and in favor of all the "Compromises" and "Finalities" that Slavery requires, Gen. Pierce actually "spits" on the Baltimore Platform by elevating such prominent Disunionists as Jefferson Davis and Senator Soulé, and discarding such leading Unionists as Dickinson, Foote, and Cobb.

What a spectacle is here presented! But recently a cry went up and abroad that "The Union is in danger!" "The Constitution is to be violated!" Senators Foote and Dickinson, &c. &c., exhibiting the "wounded," "bleeding" Constitution, appealed eloquently to their Countrymen to rally in its defence. Senators Davis and Soule, on the other hand, spurned the "Compromise" and advocated and threatened Disunion.

The combined efforts of Unionists, Whig and Democrat, resulted in the Election of a Union Candidate for President, who has called Davis into his Cabinet and sent Soule Minister to Spain; leaving Dickinson and Foote to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy!"—*Albany Evening Journal.*

THE University at Urbana, Ohio, is established, and is to be sustained by the disciples of Emanuel Swedenborg. This is the first educational establishment in the country, of the rank of a University, devoted to the propagation of Swedenborgianism. Prof. J. W. Jenks, of Boston, and Prof. M. G. Williams, of Urbana, are to be inaugurated into office. A female department has been established in connection with the college.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New-York.

‡‡‡ Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston, or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New-York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1853.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

BY a notice in another column, it will be seen that our Massachusetts friends are to celebrate the approaching Anniversary of West India Emancipation, on Tuesday, August 2d, at the beautiful grove in Framingham. The occasion will no doubt be one of absorbing interest and tend mightily to the furtherance of the cause.

We are happy to state that the New York Anti-Slavery Society, whose formation we so recently announced, will also celebrate the same event on THURSDAY, August 4th, by a steamboat excursion to FLUSHING, and a public meeting in a beautiful grove in that place. The grove being pre-engaged for Monday, the *first* of August, it was necessary to appoint the celebration for another day, and Thursday was agreed upon in order to secure the presence of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, who has agreed to attend and address the meeting. Other speakers are also expected, and it is hoped that there will be a general rally of the friends of the cause.

The steamer *Island City* leaves New York for Flushing at 9 oclock, A. M., and returns at a convenient hour in the evening. Fare, 10 cents each way. Families and parties will generally carry their own refreshments, but food will doubtless be for sale on the ground for the accommodation of those who are not otherwise supplied.

Further particulars next week.

SOUTH CAROLINA DROPPING THE MASK.

SOUTH CAROLINA has always affected hostility to the Union as a means of frightening the timid and truckling North. Her threats of secession, vehemently dinned in the public ear for more than half a century as a means for securing compliance with her wishes, though regarded by shrewd and thoughtful men as mere gasconade, have generally answered the purpose for which they were so loudly proclaimed. In the struggles which followed the annexation of Texas and the war with Mexico, they served as an excuse for Northern doughfaces and traitors, who *pretended* to believe that there was real danger that they would be carried into effect, unless the North should consent to a compromise. Having served their turn in this instance, as on former occasions, they are hushed for the present, to be renewed doubtless whenever Slavery shall have another axe for the subservient North to grind.

Meanwhile, the real sentiment of South Carolina and of all the slaveholding States in relation to the Union is, as it ever has been, favourable to its perpetuity as the principal bulwark and shield of the peculiar institution. The impudent asseverations of Southern politicians to the contrary are merely intended for effect upon the sensitive nerves and the more sensitive pockets of Northern cotton dealers and merchants. At home, your South Carolinian, when he addresses himself to his fellow slaveholders, and, being under no immediate necessity for concealing his opinions, can afford to speak the truth, is ready to acknowledge that, but for the Union, Slavery could not long resist the public opinion of the civilized world, which is every day becoming stronger and more intense against it. We have a notable example before us in a speech made on the 4th instant, before the "Seventy-Six Association" of Charleston, by Richard Yeadon, Esq., an eminent citizen of that city. We beg our readers to observe how, in the following extract, he confirms all that the Abolitionists have ever said of the inherent weakness of the slaveholding States and the absolute necessity of a Union with the North to the continuance and perpetuity of Slavery. Here we see a South Carolina orator in the presence of his fellow-slaveholders, and letting out the family secret.

Mr. Yeadon, after alluding in complimentary terms to the orator of the day, John S. Preston, Esq., of Columbia, proceeds to say:

I thank him, Mr. President, especially for two reasons. First for the *Unionism* which pervaded his oration. It was an augury that, even in our gallant little State, where the sentiment of Union had been very naturally impaired, nay almost extinguished, by foul wrong and insult, and by vile machinations and wicked warfare against the sacred rights and constitutional equality of the South—that, even, in this State, once almost goaded, under a keen sense of wanton and unprovoked injury, to the extreme measure of separate secession and separate nationality, that sentiment was about to be revived and rekindled in the popular heart. I hail and welcome it as auspicious of a happy change, and of brighter times—of the dawn and ultimately of the perfect day of restored harmony among the once alienated and almost warring members of our political family.

Next, I thank him, deeply thank him, for the manly sentiment uttered in reference to the prolonged duration, and probable perpetuation of our political Union—"I have no fears of abolition." In the whole scope of his masterly and unrivalled performance, gemmed as it was with the treasures of intellect and fancy, enriched as it was with a wise and true philosophy, there was nothing that more strongly commanded my sympathy than that sentiment. It has only given tongue to what has long been my own thought. *I, too, have no fears of abolition*—it is a bugbear, that should alarm no one, and, above all, it never should induce, or *seduce*, us to forfeit or surrender the richest political inheritance ever bequeathed by a patriot ancestry to their posterity.

In the Union, we of the South are strong enough to defend the institution of Slavery within the limits of the Union, and we have the *invincible* strength of the Union to defend it against all assaults from abroad. We have only to be true to ourselves, and, while members of the Union, the institution is impregnable against assault of any kind—covered with an impervious shield, and having as its bulwark at once the Constitution of the Union and our own right arms. But, were the Southern States to dissolve the Union and form themselves into a separate and distinct confederacy, we should be *isolated*, as the only slaveholding republic on the face of the earth, and become a target for the whole civilized world, including our Northern brethren, on our border, absolved from Constitutional obligations and converted into aliens, to level their batteries at, and our position would be, to say the least, one of doubtful strength and durability—and the institution of Slavery would be in danger of tottering to its fall. Neither war, nor force of any kind, would be necessary to effect this end; but the potent engine of public opinion—the public sentiment of the civilized world, brought to bear upon us and against us, in every possible shape, might, by its constant and wearing action on opinion and morbid conscience, ultimately undermine the institution among ourselves, and sow, within our own bosom, the seeds of its decay and destruction.

But, remaining within the Union, we are absolutely impregnable on this point. If true to ourselves, we have no vulnerable point; we, or rather the border Southern States, may lose a few hundreds, or a few thousands, of fugitive slaves (soon, if the truth were known, anxious to return, from the tender mercies of Free Soilism and Abolitionism, to the comforts and luxuries of Southern Slavery); but, otherwise, and within ourselves, we are more than safe from fanatic machinations, either American or foreign, against the institution—in the defence of which we are ready, at any moment, to pledge "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honour." Why, sir, were the Abolitionists themselves to march in arms among us, proclaiming liberty to the objects of their false and *devilish* philanthropy, our attached and happy slaves would themselves join in putting them to rout and discomfiture, instead of embracing their ruinous and *deadly* aid or alliance.

So far, sir, the experience of the past has been that Abolition interference has only tended to strengthen and *perpetuate* the institution in the South. Delaware, Maryland and Virginia were once nearly lost to the Southern fold, and even the good old North State showed symptoms of following their unwise example. But Abolition fanaticism and political Free Soilism have re-united the South—the Southern phalanx is again complete, banded together as one man, in maintaining the institution, free from all interference but its own—and I repeat, again and again, that the institution is stronger now than ever—nay, there is even less danger to it, from Abolition interference than in letting it alone. The abuse and machinations of our fanatic foes, foes alike to the Constitution, the Bible and the Union, only tend to knit and weld us together more firmly than ever in the maintenance of our great Southern interest—and to arouse our pride, our passions and our *arms*, if necessary, in its defence.

Mr. Yeadon is no doubt a faithful and capable expounder of the sentiment of the South, but he does not so well know how to measure the power of the Anti-Slavery Movement. He is deceived by a superficial survey of the state of opinion at the North. He flatters himself that the only effect of that movement has been to force the Northern slaveholding States into a closer affinity with their Southern neighbours, and that this makes Slavery more secure. Deluded man! He does not consider that whatever of genuine Anti-Slavery sentiment existed in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri before the adoption of the recent Compromise, though temporarily overborne, has really been strengthened and intensified by the cause to which he refers. Whatever politicians, whose wish is father to their thought, may say, the Anti-Slavery sentiment in the Northern slaveholding States has never, within the last fifty years, been so strong as it is at this moment. The same is true of all the slaveholding States; and if slaveholders lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are to have an easy time of it hereafter, and that the agitation is to cease, they are doomed to utter disappointment and discomfiture.

THE 'PLATFORM' IN THE ASSEMBLY.

That "the course of true love never does run smooth" is as true, sometimes, of political alliances as it is of those of the tenderer passion, and the fact was exemplified a few days since, in our State Legislature. It was quite early in the session that Mr. D. B. Taylor, of this city, burning to signalise himself in some way, and to pay his court to the powers that be, attempted to do so, first, by offering a series of Resolutions approbatory of the President's Inaugural—that being, at that time, about all that was known of him—and, secondly, by introducing a bill for increasing the facilities for slave-catching in this State. Till the 30th of June the Resolutions were permitted to slumber quietly on the Speaker's table, although, in the meantime, the Legislature has once adjourned, and been again called together in extra session; on that day, however, they were taken up for final action, and the history of their passage and its consequences is amusing and instructive. The object undoubtedly was—next, of course, to the religious purpose of suppressing agitation, which the Hunkers never forget—to bring the whole Democratic team into the traces, and to make it show its paces and its strength in one dead pull in the right direction; but the attempt seemed at first not very likely to be successful, for the young colts who were easily enticed out of a free pasture by the mere rattling of corn in a peck measure, were not, now they were caught, so inclined to be obedient to the whip and the rein as it was hoped they would. In other words, the Barnburners who helped elect Pierce, from a hope of their share of the fodder, did not show themselves disposed to eat up their own words, in this complete manner, for the public entertainment. Why they should hesitate, was not so plain, unless it was from the inveteracy of the American habit of doing one thing and saying another; for, the alternative unquestionably was either to stand square on the Platform or abandon it altogether. However, they did hesitate, as the vote shows:

The first of Mr. D. B. Taylor's resolutions read as follows:

Resolved, That the State of New York congratulates her sister States of the Union on the doctrines avowed by President Pierce in his Inaugural Address to his countrymen, believing that the doctrines are sound expositions of our duty as one of the powers of the civilized world, and of the duties of the several States to each other under the Constitution of the United States.

On this, those who voted Aye are all Democrats. Those who voted No are all Whigs. But there were twenty-five who found it convenient not to vote, or to be absent; and of these, nine are Whigs and sixteen are Barnburners.

Mr. Taylor's second resolution reads thus:

Resolved, That the people of the State of New York coincide with the President in his opinion, that "it is not to be disguised that our attitude as a nation, and our position on the globe renders the acquisition of certain possessions not within our jurisdiction, eminently important for our protection, if not in the future essential, for the preservation of the rights of commerce and the peace of the world"—and also with the principle which we all should regard as fundamental, that "the rights, security and repose of this confederacy reject the idea of interference or colonisation on this side of the ocean by any foreign power beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissible."

On this the vote was fifty Ayes, all, excepting one Whig vote, from Democrats; twenty-four nays from Whigs; and non-voters or absentees, twelve Whigs and twenty-five Barnburners.

The third, or *test* resolution, is as follows:

Resolved, That the State of New York re-affirms the doctrines of the Inaugural, "that involuntary servitude, as it exists in different States of this Confederacy, is recognised by the Constitution—that it stands like any other admitted right, and that the States where it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the Constitutional provisions"—that "the laws of 1851, commonly called the 'compromise measures,' are strictly Constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect"—that "the constituted authorities of this Republic are bound to regard the rights of the South in this respect as they would view any other legal and constitutional right—and that the laws to enforce them should be respected and obeyed not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs;" and that the State of New York pledges her faith to the Union, that every law adopted by the constituted authorities of the United States, including the Fugitive Slave Law, shall be faithfully enforced within the limits of the State.

Forty-three Democrats and four Whigs voted affirmatively on this Resolution; nineteen Whigs and four Barnburners voted Nay; and twenty-seven Barnburners and fourteen Whigs were silent or absent.

So the Resolutions were passed, and the Hunkers were entirely satisfied with the result, as the next best thing to compelling the Barnburners to vote in favour of Slavery and Slave-catching was to compel them to dodge a vote. But that satisfaction has been eminently increased by the subsequent course of the minority; by which they show that it was not that they shrunk from a base act, but only from the name of it. A patent hypocrite is a convicted knave by his own confession, and it is precisely into that acknowledgement that the Hunkers have pushed their opponents. On the 7th inst., by an overwhelming majority the following resolutions, introduced by Mr. Champlin, were passed, which differ only from the last offered by Taylor that they are in general and not explicit terms:

"*Resolved*, That we most cordially affirm our attachment to, and faith in, the principles and policy of the Democratic party of the Union, as set forth and expressed in the resolutions of the National Democratic Convention which nominated Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, for President, and we hereby adopt the same as our own; and, standing on them, 'we know no North, no South, no East, no West,' but a common brotherhood of freemen and free States, under a common and glorious constitution.

"*Resolved*, That Franklin Pierce, by the bold and determined stand which he has taken in his inaugural address upon the principles of the Baltimore Platform, by the wise and enlightened forecast which he has manifested in the selection of his cabinet and of his subordinate officers, by his fidelity to the pledges under which he came into power, and by the industry, integrity, and patriotism which he has manifested in the discharge of all the high trusts committed to him by the people of the United States, has commanded and should receive our unqualified approbation and enthusiastic support."

We do not remember to have read lately a more significant chapter in Politics than this, and commend it accordingly to all those whose faith is strong in that method of salvation. As a sort of appendix, it may be added that the Assembly subsequently refused to lay all business on the table, on Mr. Taylor's motion, to take up his Slave Transit Bill, for the creatures having been brought and securely fastened to the ring-bolt, there was no need of an extra halter.

EDITORIAL CANDOUR.

THE party relations and interests of too many of the newspapers of our country often lead their conductors to treat those whose opinions are antagonistic to their own with marked disrespect and injustice. The religious papers are by no means an exception. In their discussions with each other, they often resort to quibbles and misrepresentations which many a worldly politician would scorn to employ; but in their dealings with Reformers, they exhibit a spirit still more at war with that of the Master whom they profess to serve. It is no discredit to an Editor of a religious journal to defend with zeal and uncompromising energy his own views of Christian truth, nor ought he to be censured for resisting what he deems erroneous either in doctrine or practice; but when, in order to bring popular odium upon individuals or associations, he misrepresents their opinions, maligns their motives, and applies to them epithets which they regard as in the highest degree slanderous, he shows clearly enough that he can have no rightful claim to be called a Christian or even an honest man.

No class of persons, probably, has more frequently been subjected to such treatment by the religious press than that which embraces the great body of supporters of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The Society itself is struck at through its prominent friends, to whom are applied such epithets as 'disorganizers' and 'infidels,' which it is thought will effectualy blast their reputations and destroy their influence. Just now Mr. Garrison is subjected to a fresh avalanche of such denunciation by the popular religious press, because, when the Church, by her defence of Slavery from the Bible, had undermined the confidence of thousands of honest minds in its infallible inspiration, he attended a Convention held for the purpose of examining its claims, and there avowed opinions incompatible with the popular sentiment of the country upon that subject. Mr. Garrison is thus denounced, and his opinions respecting the Bible grossly misrepresented, mainly, as we believe, because he is an Abolitionist, and because it is supposed that the natural effect of his exposures of the Church for her connivance with Slavery can be more easily destroyed by this means than any other. The Church dare not meet him in a fair and open encounter, and therefore she resorts to trickery and misrepresentation, and, by setting up the mad-dog cry of 'infidel,' hopes to divert attention from the solemn indictment now pending against her. That Orthodox Christians should view with disapprobation the sentiments of Mr. Garrison respecting the Bible, and that they should oppose them warmly, is to be expected; but when they hold the American Anti-Slavery Society responsible for those sentiments, they reveal their dishonesty, and show clearly enough that their *animus* is not what they proclaim it to be.

But we took up our pen at this time to record an example of candour in a religious paper. The *Wesleyan* fairly and honourably alludes to Mr. Garrison's position. Dissenting totally from his opinions as to the infallible inspiration of the Bible, it scorns to unite in the bitter denunciations heaped upon him and the Society of which he is President by other religious journals. It dares, moreover, to charge the popular Church with an infidelity far worse than that which consists in the denial of any of her shibboleths. Read its own words:

MR. GARRISON'S POSITION.—The pioneer of modern Anti-Slavery or Abolitionism is a marked man, and a man of mark. His movements are characteristic. He has long been a representative man. Unfortunately, the type of his mental and sentimental nature is such as is found adhering to many men who have nothing of his sincerity of character or integrity of heart. This gives advantages to those who take pleasure in maligning the cause of Freedom by abusing the men who advocate it.

With no sympathy for what is technically called "infidelity" by churchmen; on the contrary, with unwavering confidence in the Bible as a Divinely authorized and every way sufficient rule of faith and practice, we hear much of the clamour against "Garrison's Infidelity" with very little sympathy for the clamourers.

What there is of it that is tangible, is the fruit of their own farming. Far worse, in other directions, are the results of the unmistakable Atheism of the church respecting God, and the treachery of the clergy in reference to the interests of humanity. Men have been placed by them in the position of baptized heathen. And sanctified robbers claim membership in the church. They have, by their "divinations," bewitched the saints with their sorceries, and poisoned the streams of truth with their mixtures. The "infidelity of Garrison" indeed!

While we regret the infidelity he exhibits toward the Bible as an inspired book, another theme has been ours for years. And that is the infidelity of the church—the practical atheism of the clergy.

COLOURED NATIONAL CONVENTION.

This body assembled in Rochester last week, and transacted the business for which it was called. The full report of its proceedings has not yet reached us, but we learn, from the telegraphic dispatches to the daily press, that more than one hundred regularly appointed delegates were present. Rev. Dr. Pennington presided, and action was taken on several important subjects—Colonisation among the rest. The following letter to the *Tribune* leads us to believe that the Convention made a good impression at Rochester, though one can hardly help smiling at the writer's *naive* confession of astonishment that colored people should actually be found wearing "clean apparel" and behaving with propriety and dignity. If he had only "conquered the prejudices" which, it seems, have kept him away from Anti-Slavery meetings, he would have felt no surprise on account of what he describes. He would have learned, moreover, that Abolitionists are not trying, as he seems to suppose, to "do away with Slavery *in the abstract*"—there being no such place laid down on their maps—but in the United States. In that work we hope they may have his help in time to come. But to the letter:

ROCHESTER, Friday, July 8, 1853.

This city has of late become celebrated as the head-quarters for Conventions of men and women, and on almost all subjects.

None, however, of greater interest to both whites and blacks has been had than the present one of Coloured Freemen. Throughout, it has been conducted by coloured men, and their debates as well as proceedings generally have been equal to any of the white men who have heretofore espoused their cause as Abolitionists or philanthropists of any kind. My prejudices have kept me from ever mingling in any of the meetings for doing away with Slavery in the abstract; but noticing a call of coloured men to mature some plan for their moral and mental elevation, a chord in my breast was touched which true sympathy for them had located there.

Corinthian Hall, a beautiful room as you know, was well filled last evening, and the audience were attentive listeners to the several speeches made upon the subject of "Colonisation in Liberia." I have never heard more chaste and refined dictum from any class of men, neither have I ever seen better oratorical powers displayed. All the fire which spirit and determination produce sparkled forth in denunciation against the scheme of sending black men to Liberia, "while in their own beloved country they desired to dwell to use their influence to elevate their people here."

Some six different individuals spoke to the question and they made their voices ring in many ears which before had been deaf to the belief that a coloured man could speak out. One introduced from Massachusetts told of his ancestry—that they had helped to gain our liberties, and that he would enjoy what had cost so much.

I feel assured that if the coloured men will be temperate in their action by recommending education for their children and sobriety and strict rectitude in their lives, that there is a great majority of the whites who will respect them and allow them all the privileges of American citizens in their midst.

I must add one thing more before closing this imperfect sketch of the people of colour.

I have never seen delegates come in cleaner apparel, and of more dignified manners than have the coloured men, and I feel glad to know and believe that they have been kindly and considerately received here.

A CITIZEN OF ROCHESTER.

GERRIT SMITH'S ILLNESS.—The following paragraph from the *Oneida Telegraph* contains the latest information respecting Mr. Smith that we have received:

Hon. Gerrit Smith has recently undergone a severe and painful surgical operation and is not yet able to be in public. We are glad to learn, however, that there is a strong prospect that he will not hereafter suffer from those local ailments which have heretofore confined him so much at home and have interfered so seriously with the abundant labours he has to perform. The friends of humanity everywhere will feel a deep interest in the preservation of his life and strength.

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR [illegible]."

The following letter from Archbishop WHATELY, of Dublin, appeared in the *Liberator* of last week.

DUBLIN, 16th June, 1853.

SIR: A copy has casually fallen into my hands of the Boston *Liberator* [4th March], in which I am described as the author of a review, in the 'North British,' of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I am not the author.

I happen to know that it is from the pen of a lady, a clergyman's widow, in the south of Ireland.

As I wish for neither credit nor discredit that is not fairly due to me, and as I presume you do not mean to mislead your readers, please to give notice and correction of the mistake.

Your faithful, humble servant,
RICHARD WHATELY.

W. L. GARRISON, Esq.

Mr. Garrison appends to the above letter the following remarks:

It is very proper that the Archbishop should make this disclaimer, under the circumstances; but the mistake, which he attributes to us, did not originate in our columns. We merely copied an article from the New York *Evening Post*, in which it was said, "The last number of the *North British Review* contains an article on American Slavery and Uncle Tom's Cabin, which we have just ascertained to have been written by Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, and author of the popular work on logic which generally bears his name." As we gave credit to the *Post* for this statement, it would have been more appropriate, in the first instance, for the Archbishop to have sent his correction of it to that journal, instead of to us—though, of course, we very cheerfully publish it in the *Liberator*, and have no doubt that it will be as readily copied by the editors of the *Evening Post*. Of course, the object of the Archbishop is simply to place on the brow of the real author of the article in the *North British Review*, the laurels which the *Post* sought to bind around his own. It must be very flattering, certainly, to the lady who wrote that article, to have its authorship attributed to so profound a scholar, so distinguished a writer, and so eminent a polemic as Richard Whately; and, on the other hand, we are sure he will not feel disparaged by the supposition that an article so excellent in its spirit, so forcible in its style, and so lucid in its reasoning, was the production of his own pen.

The *Evening Post* copies the letter of the Archbishop and the remarks of the *Liberator*, and adds the following:

Our authority for stating that Archbishop Whately was the author of the article in question was a gentleman so likely to be accurately informed upon the subject, and so incapable of intentionally misleading us, that we did not feel called upon to qualify the statement even as a rumour. It came to us as an undisputed fact, and so we gave it. We are happy to be corrected; at the same time we should have been gratified if the Archbishop had favored the public with the name of the lady who wields such a vigorous pen, and who handles all the artillery of logic with such consummate skill.

THE TRUE ANTI-SLAVERY SPIRIT.

THE following letter, from the *Liberator* of last week, bears the signature of a true-hearted and noble man, and one worthy of the name of Christian.

GREENWICH, June 28, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. GARRISON: I owe you an apology for not sooner sending you my pay for *The Liberator*, and thanks for not discontinuing it. I now enclose $3, which please credit to my account. I cannot do without *The Liberator*, and my prayer is, that you and it may long be spared to plead the cause of the slave, of humanity and of truth. Let a guilty world revile, a corrupt and corrupting priesthood cry 'Infidel,' I must have and read, and my family must have and read *The Liberator*, for its work is to make this a better world, in spite of the teachings of priests, who can see that it is a sin to marry one's niece, but cannot see that it is a sin to sell one's daughter into prostitution and Slavery—of priests who can see the exceeding sinfulness of promiscuous dancing, but cannot see the sin of buying and selling members of their own churches like beasts in the market—of priests who find no difficulty in ascertaining that men do marry their neices, that church members do promiscuously dance, but cannot learn whether slaveholding is tolerated and practised in the Presbyterian Church, and therefore appoint a committee of slaveholders to inquire. Be not broken-hearted, my dear sir, be not discouraged when such men cry 'Infidel.' There are times and occasions when no one cries 'Stop thief, stop thief,' so loud and long as the thief himself. How happened I to think of the illustration?

The friends of the slave in this place have recently been called to mourn the death of Mrs. ANGELINA MOWRY, than whom the bondman never had a truer friend. But she has left a testimony behind her which cannot be mistaken. Among the last acts of her useful life, she gave an annuity to the Free Congregational Church of this place of fifty dollars, so long as they shall maintain their 'open and avowed Anti-Slavery and temperance principles.' The position of this church is, and always has been since its organization, No union with slaveholders or their apologists, with makers, venders or drinkers of intoxicating liquors. I am happy to say the church values the condition annexed to the annuity more than the annuity, and they thank God that Mrs. Mowry was enabled thus to bear a dying testimony in favour of those principles which she had devoted her life to sustain.

With mingled sentiments of respect and esteem,
I am truly your friend,
LEONARD GIBBS.

SOUNDING AN ALARM.

A Christian Abolitionist of this city sent the following to the *Wesleyan*, in which paper it was promptly inserted:

I wish to call your attention to a circumstance which seems to me important to those who value the integrity and usefulness of the Wesleyan organization. Since I withdrew from the M. E. Church, in Providence, in the year 1839, and with a small but earnest band of Anti-Slavery brethren, organized one of the first Wesleyan churches in New England, I have never placed so much importance upon mere numbers for success in any good cause; but have been more and more satisfied that a dereliction from principle is always fatal, and certain to be attended with disaster and defeat. Nothing but corrupt and time-serving ministers and professors can roll back the tide of reform set in motion by the Wesleyans; hence we must watch with sleepless vigilance against the incorporation of churches, or the admission of members, who are not thoroughly imbued with the reformatory sentiments which distinguish the Wesleyans from the popular organizations of the day. Would you believe that there is a large *Wesleyan Church* in this vicinity (New York) whose minister voted for General Scott, that great *brain-smasher*, at the Presidential election, and who exults and glories in the act? That this *Wesleyan* minister regards the introduction of reformatory topics into his religious meetings as *extraneous*, and out of place, and will not tolerate them because they are not *religion*, and agitate and disturb good feeling among the brethren? who advocates the duty of *wholly refraining* from the questions of Temperance and Anti-Slavery, the Fugitive Slave Law, &c., in prayer-meetings, and declares they shall not be introduced into his church?

It is a solemn, and I will add, a disgraceful fact, that I have this day seen and conversed with a *Wesleyan Minister* who talks thus. If such things are tolerated, I must now and forever cry ICHABOD.

The Editor of the *Wesleyan* appends to the above the following comment, showing that he is not disposed to spare the minister complained of. We wish all religious denominations were equally faithful.

This statement is the first and the only one we ever received intimating the existence of such a minister in our ranks, who is so far away from home and friends, as such an one must be.

We have none of that duplicity that would hide the fact, if it be a fact, though it must bring a blush of shame on every Wesleyan's cheek that becomes cognizant of the fact. But if any such person was a member of the Conference to which we belong, the next session thereof would find him brought to an account of his stewardship in respect to a violation of Article VII. "of Relative duties," page 12 of the Discipline.

A VERITABLE FISH STORY.—Our old friend Ellis Smith, formerly connected with the Anti-Slavery Office, has related to us a recent adventure in shark-fishing, in which he took part, and which is worth repeating. It seems he was one of a party that went to the Stone Bridge in Tiverton, R. I., to spend the 'glorious fourth' in fishing and sailing. Upwards of twenty sharks were caught by the party in the course of the day and laid as trophies on the bridge. On the fifth, the sport was continued, and a large shark of the mackerel species was fairly hooked by one of the party. The monster, on taking the bait and finding himself hooked, started off like a harpooned whale, but our friend, having the line, held on, as an Abolitionist is wont to do, till at length the shark turned towards the little boat with expanded jaws and made a desperate effort to extricate himself, but in vain. Friend Smith, after giving him many well-directed blows on the head, finally succeeded in forcing the oar down his throat, and then in towing him ashore. It required the united strength of six men with a stout rope to haul the creature upon the beach, and he measured from the tip of his nose, over the fin, to the end of his tail, eight feet, nine inches. Doubters may see the jaws of the monster at No. 42 John street, where they have been deposited as a Fourth of July trophy.

Mrs. Stowe.—The pro-slavery presses affirm that the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was denied an audience with the Queen of England. The story wants confirmation. We shall not believe without evidence that Mrs. Stowe ever sought a special interview with her Royal sister. Her demeanour while in England proved that she was above the sycophancy which leads so many Americans to bend the knee before Royalty. The same papers are exulting over the fact Mr. Stowe's arrival in Paris was unheralded by the press, alleging this as a proof that her popularity is waning. Let them draw what consolation they can from a circumstance more probably attributable to quite another cause. Mrs. Stowe's friends, knowing her infirm health, and how distasteful it is to her to be lionised, will be at no loss to understand how it happened that she left England without any public proclamation of her movements, and went quietly to the house of a friend at the French Capital.

Boston and New York Travel.—The lines of travel between this city and Boston, numerous as they are, are hardly adequate to the public wants. Of the three steamboat lines, we believe no one is better managed than that by the way of Stonington and Providence, and certainly no one is more popular, if we may judge from the large number of passengers that daily throng its beautiful boats and swift as well as safely managed cars. The boats are the *Vanderbilt* and the *Commodore*, both of them spacious, elegant, and strong enough for all emergencies. The officers of these boats and the conductors of the railroad trains, as we can testify from personal experience and observation, are attentive to their duties and courteous to those under their care. The boats are well served in every department, from the pilot-house to the "boots."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin in Russia."—The article under this head, on the first page, is worthy of special attention. The letter of Chevalier Khanikoff, one of the Russian Emperor's Counsellors of State, shows that Mrs. Stowe, in writing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' struck a blow not only at American Slavery, but at despotism, in every form, throughout the world. What a contrast is presented by a comparison of the noble sentiments of the Russian official with those which prevail among the leading politicians of this free (!) Republic!

Almanacs.—We are only a little more than half through the year 1853, and yet we find on our table the "Illustrated Phrenological" and the "Illustrated Water-Cure" Almanacks for 1854, bearing the imprint of our wide-awake neighbours, Messrs. Fowlers and Wells. Each is filled with matter appropriate to its title, judiciously selected and arranged.

The Crystal Palace is being opened with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of the President and other dignitaries, while our form is going to press.

POLITICS.

Rumours of a quarrel in the Cabinet are once more rife. Cushing and Marcy are said to be at loggerheads on the Fishery question.

——Dispatches from Washington affirm that J. R. Buchanan, the newly appointed minister to the Court of St. James, is about to resign his post, from dissatisfaction with the instructions prepared for him by the Secretary of State. He wants powers which the majority of the Cabinet are not willing to confer upon him.

——New Jersey has long groaned under the monopoly enjoyed by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company; but a project is now on foot to organize a People's party and to elect Henry C. Carey Governor. Mr. Carey is an eminent citizen and scholar, and a consistent hater of the monopoly which the people desire to uproot.

——Col. Benton, familiarly called 'Old Bullion,' is fighting desperately to secure his own re-election to the U. S. Senate. He was superseded in 1851 by Geyer (Whig), the Democratic party having been divided by the efforts of his (Mr. B.'s) enemies to lay him on the shelf. Atchison, his Senatorial colleague, was the leader of the foray, and now the valiant old Nestor intends to pay him off in his own coin by slipping into *his* seat in 1855. The Legislature on which the election of Senator will devolve will not itself be chosen till August of next year; and yet Col. Benton has already begun the fight. He is plying his pen with indefatigable industry in the Missouri *Democrat*, and in denunciatory letters to individuals, which find their way into print, and making speeches as often as he can get a chance. Atchison charges his opponent with being an Abolitionist, and says he "has done more than a hundred Garrisons, Chases and Sewards" to overthrow Slavery. The war is extremely bitter and the result uncertain.

——We omitted to record in our last the defeat of the Rhode Island Democracy on the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution of the State. The desirableness of such a Convention was conceded by many not of the Democratic party, but the leaders of that party had played so foul a game respecting the Maine Law and identified themselves so completely with the Rum interest, that the people would n't trust them, but voted by a large majority against the measure. Other considerations, of course, had their influence, but the result is mainly attributable to a union of the Temperance men of all parties against that portion of the Democracy which is bent upon defeating the Maine Law. Perhaps the Democratic leaders will learn a valuable lesson from this bit of experience.

——President Pierce, in bestowing a portion of his patronage upon the Barnburners as a *quid pro quo* for their treachery to the interests of Freedom, has given deep offence to the Hunkers, who claim to be the 'Old Guard' and to have an exclusive right to the spoils. At the South this patronage by the President of many who stood on the Buffalo platform in 1848 is used by the Whigs to prejudice him in the eyes of the slaveholders and to defeat his party in the approaching State elections. At the North the 'saviours of the Union' threaten to rebel. Even in Philadelphia, at the party celebration on the Fourth, the toasts to the President and Gov. Bigler were coldly received, and the whole proceedings were deemed so disloyal to the Administration that the *Pennsylvanian*, the Democratic organ, would not publish them. The Washington *Union*, at this crisis, is endeavouring to reconcile the disappointed Hunkers to their fate by solemn asseverations that every office-holding Barnburner has repented of his sins and washed out every stain of Free Soil by a regular baptism in the party puddle; but what do they care for that, so long as they are not permitted to have all the best places at the public crib? Politicians clamorous for *pap* are not so easily quieted.

ANTI-SLAVERY ITEMS.

Rev. A. T. Foss's labours excite a deep interest wherever he goes. He is an Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, able, zealous and devoted.

——It will be seen by a notice in another column that the Abolitionists of Massachusetts are to celebrate the coming Anniversary of West India Emancipation at Framingham, on Tuesday, August 2d.

——The Syracuse *Chronicle* states that Rev. S. J. May, who was to have delivered an oration on the Fourth at South Butler, was prevented by some accident on the Railroad from meeting his appointment. We are sorry to hear this, for Mr. May is one of those who have the courage to speak the whole truth even on the Fourth of July.

——A friend of the cause writes from Linesville, Crawford Co., Pa., to the *Bugle*, that J. F. Selby has just spent a week in that region, and held six meetings. He adds: "Mr. Selby is doing honour to our cause. He takes the highest ground and uses the most powerful arguments in justification of his position." Their Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle is prospering, and fifty dollars has recently been subscribed to sustain Anti-Slavery lectures in that vicinity, and there is a prospect that the sum will be doubled.

——Sallie Holly has been lecturing of late to good purpose in various towns in New Hampshire. At Concord, as we learn from the *Independent Democrat*, every nook, corner and aisle of the Universalist house was jammed full to running over; hundreds being unable to gain admittance. The *Democrat* says:

We have never heard a woman speak as well. In manner, matter, and language, her address was nearly faultless, making and leaving a strong impression upon the audience. Without any effort to ape the logician, she brings her artillery to bear directly upon the heart, the manhood and womanhood of her hearers, and every discharge tells upon the serried ranks of the enemy. If her address here is a fair specimen of the spirit and power with which she everywhere meets and grapples with this giant evil of American Slavery, we can most cordially bid her a hearty God-speed, and commend her and her efforts to the friends of freedom wherever she may go.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

John P. Hale is announced as the orator of the Literary Societies of Middlebury College for the next Commencement.

——'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' as our readers generally know, was dramatized by the proprietor of the Boston Museum, and played to crowds for weeks in succession during last winter. It is now on the boards again, many new scenes having been added, and is still attracting as numerous audiences as ever.

——Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Jr., is to address the Theological Society, and Hon. N. P. Banks the 'Senate,' at the next commencement in Union College. John Pierpont will pronounce a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and Alfred B. Street one before the other literary societies.

——A story having been started that the friends of Daniel Webster in the 'Old Colony' were about to erect a monument to his memory, a writer in the *Liberator* states that it is not a monument to Webster, but an observatory, that is to be built. He says the people of the 'Old Colony' are satisfied that Mr. Webster built *for himself* a monument, on the 7th of March, 1850, more enduring than bricks or stone.

——Rev. Antoinette Brown appears to have been well received at the late Christian Union Convention at Syracuse. Rev. Dr. Gregory of the Episcopal Church, Dr. Foran of the Catholic, and many other clergymen of different denominations, took part with her in the proceedings, without objection. That was certainly better than to turn the Convention aside from its objects in order to promote a sectarian purpose by her exclusion.

——A travelling correspondent of the *Tribune*, giving an account of his visit to the farm and tomb of Webster at Marshfield, says: "While the gardener was arranging a boquet in the green house, my eye rested on a well thumbed copy of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' lying on the shelf. It was an incident which awakened a new train of thought, whose extremes were the seventh of March, 1850, and the future jubilee of enfranchised millions."

——Mrs Hubbell, wife of the Congregational minister at Avon, Ct., is the author of a book called 'Shady Side,' in which the trials of a parish clergyman are set forth with much power. The good people of Avon would have it that her pictures were drawn from life, and that the originals were among themselves. One of them was supposed to be found in a Deacon of the Church. There being no other way to punish the woman, her husband was dismissed!

——Tobacco was doubtless designed by a beneficent Creator for some wise end, but, as it is now generally used, it is worse than a nuisance; and hence we are glad whenever we see any indications that the public are becoming sensible of its many evils. The Otsego Universalist Association, at its recent meeting, resolved that "the use of tobacco in various ways, by people of all ages and classes and of both sexes, is an alarming and rapidly increasing evil which calls on the philanthropist and Christian to unite in arresting a habit which destroys health, is disgusting and filthy, and has a strong tendency to demoralization and intemperance."

——The New Bedford *Mercury*, alluding to a report that the newly appointed Postmaster at Gloucester, Mass., declined to accept the office because, being a Garrisonian, he was not willing to take an oath to support the Constitution, says: "We really think that Mr. Octavius was altogether too nice. We have known the ardent Garrisonians to do that same thing without flinching, when it promoted their praudial prosperity." We are reluctant to believe that the *Mercury* designed to misrepresent those whom it calls Garrisonians, but we can assure the editor that they do not deserve this sneer. We challenge him to name a single individual who, having accepted Mr. Garrison's views of the Constitution, has taken the oath to support it. Mr. Garrison has many warm friends who differ from him on that question, but they cannot, in such a connection, be honestly called Garrisonians. We hope the *Mercury* will correct its error.

——Walking is a manly and healthful mode of bodily exercise. A correspondent of the *Times* talks sensibly when he says, "the people of this country are too much given to riding in carriages. Our pedal extremities are not allowed fair play; they were never intended to be doubled up so frequently. A vigorous, healthful exercise of them would be attended with very beneficial results. The positive luxury of walking through the green fields, and tarrying about flowery hedges, is unknown in this country. Why, there is not one man in ten thousand that ever strolled from town to town in stretches of twenty or thirty miles, as the German does. To propose such a thing would be to draw on yourself the contempt of every tight-fitted dandy. He would pronounce you insane, and avoid you forever afterwards as a dangerous propagandist." We know a gentleman, now connected with the press in this city, who, with his wife, walked from Boston to the Northern part of Vermont, a distance of 200 miles, a few years ago. The lady was in feeble health when they started, but grew better constantly, so that before they were at the end of the journey, she was able to walk 25 miles a day. This sensible exploit was the wonder of all their friends, some of whom thought they must be crazy; but the doctors, to their credit be it said, had the courage to defend them.

TEMPERANCE.

The Cleveland *Herald* assures its readers that the feeling in favour of the Maine Law is strong, and growing, all over the State, and Temperance Alliances, having in view the election of a Maine Law Legislature, have already been formed very generally, and in many counties in every township. It is designed to extend the organization throughout every election district, to employ lecturers, to procure and circulate documents, and push the campaign vigorously.

——In Columbus, Ohio, recently, as we learn from the *Elevator*, a woman who keeps a drinking saloon had crape hung out on Sunday morning at the front door of her shop, which was closed, and a card stuck upon the gate leading back, through which the "friends of the family" were invited to pass. The questionable characters who were constantly seen taking the back way led to the suspicion that all was not right, when a close examination was instituted and death found to be in the family—but it was contained in a whiskey barrel—and the woman in question was dealing it out!

——The eleventh anniversary of the Delaware State Temperance Union (coloured) was held at Bergen, N. J., opposite this city, on Thursday week. Several hundreds collected, principally from Jersey City, Newark, New York and Brooklyn. There were others present from different parts of New Jersey and New York. At noon, the Phœnix Total Abstinence Benevolent Society of Bergen marched, with music, from the ferry at Jersey City to the Coloured Church at the side of Bergen Hill. Here the procession formed and marched to the ground where the celebration took place—which is a space of about two acres square, surrounded by small cedars on the hill, below the railroad, and overlooking the bay and city. Around this space booths were erected, for the sale of refreshments. F. T. T. Harper presided. Addresses were made by Stephen Myers, Dr. Taylor, Rev. Stephen Rogers, and others. The Croton Union—a Temperance Society of coloured women—participated in the celebration, and marched in the procession, with their banner.

——The meeting of the State Temperance Society, recently held at Rochester, was quite small. The question of admitting women to equal rights with men in the Society was warmly debated a good part of two days. The Rochester *Democrat* says the women, even those regularly delegated, had the good sense not to ask to be placed on terms of equality with Wm. H. Burleigh and his friends, and adds:

The Society is composed principally of grey-headed men, who have passed the fire of youth, and may be accounted sage as well as venerable and reverend. But from the sharp fighting of shadows, and the stickling for what was entirely unimportant, we were led to think that wisdom will not die with them. It gave us some pain to see affront offered to the venerable Asa B. Smith (an "old man eloquent," whose eye still retains the fire of early days, a little intensified, and whose heart is as fresh as ever, and always will be), while W. H. Burleigh was petted and patronized. There must be something radically wrong in an organization that evinces such bad taste. It must be a strong Society that can afford to do this.

——The Ohio State Temperance Convention, recently held at Columbus, was a large and influential body. The procession, says the *Columbian*, extended two miles, and was led by a triumphal car, containing thirty-one girls, in white dresses and appropriate devices, representing the several States—the States which have adopted the Maine Law, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont and Michigan, especially designated—Maine, where the great reform originated, *highly* distinguished above all. Then followed the Cold Water Army, or procession of children—girls and boys—with a great variety of flags, mottoes and devices, beautiful and appropriate. The procession of children was a good part of a mile in length. The Convention was addressed, among others, by Gen. Carey, Neal Dow and Dr. Jewett. A resolution was adopted to the effect that the friends of Temperance throughout the State should, without respect of party, so cast their votes at the ensuing election as to secure a Legislature that will pass the Maine Law. Both Mr. Dow and Dr. Jewett are to labour in the State previous to the election.

CHURCH ACTION.

At the recent meeting of the General Convention of the Universalists of Maine, a Report against the Fugitive Slave Law, presented last year by Rev. J. W. Hanson, was declared to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Gospel and accepted as a faithful expression of the sentiments of the body.

——The General (Congregational) Conference of Ohio, at its recent meeting in Mount Vernon, Knox County, adopted the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That we regard slaveholding as a sin against God, and a crime against man.

2. That we regard the Fugitive Slave Law as directly in conflict with the law of God, and we deem it the duty of every Christian citizen to use his influence in all proper ways to procure its repeal.

3. That, as fellowship with slaveholders sanctions, in the estimation of many, the practice of Slavery; the existence of the relation should be taken as prima facie evidence of unworthiness of Christian fellowship; and if there be exceptions, those exceptions should be made manifest by the individual, who may be implicated.

——The General Association (Congregational) of Massachusetts, at its recent meeting at Yarmouth, on the subject of corresponding with Southern ecclesiastical bodies, resolved "that this correspondence is continued, not with a view to express any satisfaction with the practice of slaveholding, but for the purpose, in connection with other objects, of bearing their continued and earnest testimony against the sin of slaveholding, and of exerting their appropriate influence in favour of its speedy abolition." The past action of the same body leads us to suspect that this resolve was meant to silence complaints in the churches rather than to be carried out in good faith. Time will show. The following rebuke of the American Tract and Sunday School Societies is less equivocal. Indeed it is quite bold for a clerical body, and we gladly give them credit for it.

Resolved, That while the General Association of Massachusetts entertain a profound regard for the large publishing societies, and rejoice in the great good they are accomplishing, they express an earnest desire that these societies would not make the subject of Slavery an exception in their efforts to rid the world of all iniquity by diffusing throughout it an evangelical literature; but would set forth in their publications the sentiments of our common Christianity on the enormous sin of Slavery with the same freedom and faithfulness with which they exhibit and rebuke all other sins.

——The Presbytery of Champlain, (N. Y.) connected with the New School Assembly, passed the following resolutions:

1. That if we may believe rumour with its thousand tongues, Slavery does exist within the bounds of our Zion.

2. That the General Assembly having ordered an investigation within the bounds of certain Synods on the following points—how many slaveholders there are in our churches—how many slaves are held by them as matter of gain, and whether the ordinances of marriage and baptism are duly regarded in the case of believing slaves; we most heartily approve of this step as just, seasonable, and worthy of the support of our whole body.

3. That in our judgment the General Assembly was competent to order this investigation, both by the constitutional powers of the highest judicatory and by the unwritten law of self-defence.

4. That in thus recording our approbation of the step taken by the General Assembly in this matter, we would also express our hope that, as an expounder of our pure Christianity, and a defender of all rational liberty, the General Assembly in time to come may do promptly and faithfully all that its powers will justify, to free the Church from the sin of Slavery in all its forms, as the only course worthy of our faith, and of our professions.

5. That we are only sorry the highest court in our body, while taking the necessary steps to clear itself from the charge of partaking in the sin and shame of Slavery, did not also at the same time proceed to express its solemn condemnation of the Fugitive Slave Law, and of all the varied inhumanities practiced on the black man in this country, made free, under God, by the prayers and patriotism and noble deeds of the Puritans and their children.

SUMMARY.

Washington.—Clark Mills has purchased a sight for an American school of design and art, at the junction of the Anacosta and Potomac rivers. There he intends to mould and cast his equestrian statue of Washington; also, a group of statuary, representing two American Indians hunting the buffalo.

Five Negroes Drowned.—On Friday evening, 20th inst., seven negroes, owned by Mr. James Potter, of Savannah, Ga., attempted to cross the Savannah river, to their head-quarters, during a heavy thunder storm, when their boat capsized by a sudden squall, and five of them were drowned. This will take off the profits of the recovery of Sims from Boston, by Mr. P., in 1851.

Killed by a Railroad Train.—At 2 1-2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th inst., a young man about 21 years of age, named Alexander Saunders, residing at Haverstraw, was instantly killed by the Express train from Albany. He attempted to cross the track at Cruger's, in front of the locomotive, to join his sister, when he was caught and literally torn to pieces.

By a published correspondence, it appears that Samuel Martin, of Campbell's Station, East Tennessee, was the pioneer of cheap postage, and that for twenty-five years, by means of writing in the public press and sending circulars to influential people, he awakened attention to the subject. These facts are made known in the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and being of national importance, should be recognised. Mr. Martin is now endeavouring to reduce the postage on books.

Who Reads an American Book.—Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has produced in England a great interest in American authorship. "English publishers are now constantly on the look-out for new productions on this side of the Atlantic, to bring into their own market." The sage critics who condemned the 'Cabin' for its inferior character as a work of art must be sorely vexed at the stupidity and waywardness of all the world besides themselves.

Putting down a Reformer.—In February, 1850, some medical men, called "regulars," procured the indictment of Dr. Turner, the Chrono-Thermalist, ostensibly for libel. The doctor has been indefatigable in his efforts to have the matter brought to trial, with the view of vindicating himself before a jury of the country, but without effect. On the 5th inst. the indictment was finally disposed of by the withdrawal of his accusers, and the entry of a *nolle prosequi*.

Death of Mr. Maurice O'Connell, M.P. (the eldest son of the great Daniel).—Mr. O'Connell died suddenly, on the 17th June, at his apartments in London. After having represented the county of Clare from 1826 to 1833, he was returned for the borough of Tralee in the latter year, and has continued to represent it for the last twenty years. He will probably be succeeded as member of Tralee by a member of his family. His eldest son, a very fine boy, is a midshipman in the Royal Navy, not long returned from the West Indies.

The Black Exodus.—Eight or nine families of coloured persons have arrived in Windsor from various parts of the State of Indiana, during the past two weeks, with fine horse and wagons, and proceeded some to the township of Malden, and others to Chatham. We thank God, considering the existing state of oppression on our race in the United States, that this black exodus continues unabated. Those sable trains that strew the roads from the extreme South to Canada, moving in solemn stillness, under the shade of night through the intricate forests of America, to a land of exiled freedom, are seen in heaven, and they portend ominous events, that, in less than a century, will re-act back on their oppressors.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

An Incident of the Celebration in Providence.—No object in the Fourth of July procession attracted greater attention than the carriage memorable as having been used by Gen. Washington when on his visit to Providence. One solitary relic of the Revolution rode within—Abel Shorey, of Seekonk, aged ninety years. The carriage is a very curious affair in these days, and apparently of French construction. It had not been used before for fifty years. In the coachhouse from which it was taken stands also the body of the carriage that belonged to Gen. Gage, the last royal Governor of Massachusetts.—*Providence Journal.*

Narrow Escape.—We learn that two carriages, one double and the other single, were near being destroyed, with their passengers, yesterday afternoon, on the New York Railroad. The drivers did not see the passing train until it was close upon them. The double carriage, however, got over the track. The single horse had his fore feet almost upon the rail. He reared upon his hind legs and stood thus, like a statue, till the train passed! It came so near him that it struck the projecting shafts and broke them, but did no other injury. We understood our informant, a respectable gentleman, to say that he witnessed all this. That horse is a knowing one.—*N. Haven Palladium, 5th inst.*

College Commencements.—The season for college commencements commenced with the annual exercises of the New York University, Union Theological Seminary, and the Princeton College. Others follow in the subjoined order:

Harvard University, July 20; Columbia College, July 27; Union College, July 27; Yale College, July 27; Hamilton College, July 27; Rutgers College, July 27; Dartmouth College, July 27; Trinity College, July 28; University of Vermont, August 3; Wesleyan University, August 3; Amherst College, August 11; Middlebury College, August 17; Williams College, August 17; Madison University, August 17; Bowdoin College, September 7; Brown University, September 7; Burlington College, September 29.

Mrs. Stowe and her brother paid a visit to Ipswich for the purpose of having an interview with Mrs. Clarkson, the widow of the venerable philanthropist—to see the mansion in which he lived and died—and to visit the place of his burial. "The visit of Mrs. Stowe to the grave of Clarkson reminds us," says the Ipswich *Express*, "of the neglect of a national duty with respect to his remains. Where Granville Sharpe and Wilberforce lie, there ought the ashes of Clarkson to repose. It is not, even now, too late for us to redeem our character—so that when a foreigner comes to our shores, he may have an opportunity of visiting the tomb of our distinguished neighbour, where England has deposited so many of her illustrious dead—within the walls of Westminster Abbey."—*London Inquirer.*

The Slave Power as a Guest.—Gen. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, was among the guests at the celebration dinner in Faneuil Hall, last Monday. He made a speech. He dilated somewhat on the Memphis Convention and the Pacific Railroad project. Assuming for the South entire command of that matter, he said in substance:

"We will shake hands with you, and allow you to have a connection with this road if you will behave well."

It did not require extraordinary wit to comprehend what that meant; and it is quite unnecessary to specify what was required to qualify a slaveholder to say it in that place and on that occasion.—*Bos. Commonwealth.*

Colourphobia.—A friend in Willimantic says that two coloured girls in that place have committed the horrible sin of sitting among the church choir on Sundays! For this astounding piece of presumption they have been anonymously addressed by some knight in the village, as follows:

"Misses ——: Excuse me for plainness and brevity. Are you entitled to a seat in that part of the gallery designed for the Choir? Is it not a virtue in all to know and keep their place? There are many people who have *prejudices* against people of colour. * * * As a friend, I say, if you have any regard for others' feeling, and if you would gain the good will of those around you, be careful where you seat yourselves. * * * Zero."

When Marshal St. Arnaud returned from the south of France restored to health by the treatment of a homeopathic doctor of Montpelier, he called the attention of the Emperor to the wonders of homeopathy, and so far succeeded in his advocacy of the system, that the provincial doctor was sent for to Paris, and the draft of a decree was actually drawn out, creating a Homeopathic Chair in the College of Physicians in Paris, which was to have been filled by him. It appears, however, that the whole faculty, with Dr. Dubois at their head, waited upon the Emperor and declared that they would never admit a homeopathist into their fraternity. In the face of their unanimous threat to resign their seats, the Emperor gave way, and the Montpelier professor has gone back to his country patients.

Music for All.—On Wednesday and Saturday nights, the best bands in Boston, in their turn, discourse delicious music upon the common, where all may hear it. The city pays the expense; the citizens enjoy the benefit. Many of the neighbouring towns follow this example, some by private subscription defraying the expense, and some by gift from the town or city treasury. There is something exceedingly charming in this evening music during the months of summer. It has a good moral effect by providing an innocent amusement for every one. Even more directly its tendencies are beneficial, for we sincerely believe in the good lessons which music breathes. True harmony bears a strong analogy to virtue.—*Cor. Independent.*

Political Washing.—The *Union* reads the New York *Post* and the *Buffalo Republic* out of the Democratic party, on this wise, for daring to oppose American interference with Cuban emancipation:

"The *Post* and *Republic* place their opposition to these views distinctly on Abolition grounds, and for this reason we deem any further notice of their positions to be unnecessary. We wash our hands of all further association or connection with these journals, and we treat them as standing as clearly without the pale of the Democratic party as the New York *Tribune* or the *National Era*."

—Washing hands is a very proper procedure on the part of such patriots as control the *Union*. We suggest that it is but fair that they wash them where the washings will fall back into the Treasury, where they belong.—*Tribune.*

An Old Negro.—The Wilmington (N. C.) *Journal* states that there is an old negro in the county of Sampson, belonging to a Mr. Williamson, who will be one hundred and fourteen years old on the coming Fourth of July. He has been recently visited by a correspondent of the *Journal*, who states that he found him cheerful and in fine health, and busily engaged in making himself a pair of pants—without spectacles—he being a tailor by trade. His first master, Archibald Bell, died about ninety-eight years ago, at which time Delph was thirteen years of age. He remembers seeing Lord Cornwallis and his army, as well as other persons and things of note in those early days. He was taken prisoner near the residence of William Fryer. He saw the Tories kill John Tompson—he (Tompson) lingering some three days. The old fellow lived by himself, not another soul being near him; he is a sort of doctor, and travels as much as fifty miles to see sick persons, and many persons visit him for medical aid. He cooks, washes, milks, and makes his own clothes, in a very independent manner. He is four feet high and weighing one hundred and five pounds. His present owner, Mr. Williamson, is seventy-four, and therefore an old man to the rest of the world, but quite a youth in comparison to Delph. There is little reason for doubting the old negro's age, of which he himself is confident, besides having been known in Sampson for time immemorial almost.

Antioch College (Yellow Springs, Green Co., Ohio), whereof Hon. Horace Mann is President and Professor of Moral Philosophy, commences its first term early in October next—after this year, in September. It has three college edifices—the principal in the form of a cross, 170 feet long by 110 feet wide; the others (for dormitories) 160 feet long, 39 wide, and four stories high. They are all situated in a beautiful enclosure of twenty acres, surrounded by a road 75 feet wide. The location is on a railroad 74 miles from Cincinnati, and said to be remarkably healthy and picturesque.

In some particulars of its aim and scope, this College differs from most of the higher literary institutions of the country. It recognises the claims of the female sex to equal opportunities of education with the male, and these opportunities it designs to confer. Its founders believe that labours and expenditures for the higher education of men will tend indirectly to elevate the character of women; but they are certain that all wise efforts for the improved education of women will speed the elevation of the whole human race.

It is designed in this College, not only to give marked attention to the study of the Laws of Human Health and Life, but to train up the pupils in a systematic obedience to them.

The Peculiar Institution.—In an obscure corner, and the obscurest type, of *The New Orleans Delta* appears the following:

"First District Court—Judge Larue.—*Tacquette f. w. c. vs. W. M. Lambeth and Mrs. Harris.*—This was a case in which the plaintiff sought to recover her freedom. She declares she was legally manumitted in 1840, and continued to enjoy her freedom till near the beginning of 1845, when she was seized and put in jail by defendant, Lambeth, and afterwards carried to his plantation, where she has been compelled to work, until March, 1852, when she was sent to this city. She sues to recover her freedom, $3,000 damages, and $25 per month since she has been detained in defendant's service. On hearing the case, Judge Larue gave judgment, in decreeing the plaintiff to be free, but allowed no damages or wages."

It is difficult to characterize the monstrosity of such a proceeding as this. Here is a free American woman, seized as a slave in 1845, and kept in bondage eight years on a plantation. Enabled finally, by what means the above curt and bald statement does not explain, to get a hearing in a Court of Justice, the Judge at once pronounces that her pretended master has no right over her, or, in other words, that he has kidnapped her and deprived her of liberty for that period. Of course Mr. Lambeth is an estimable citizen! and the upright and learned Judge gives no damages to a woman for being deprived illegally of her liberty for eight years!

The New Orleans press has not one word on the trial—no comment—no breath of indignation. Such is the peculiar institution. What has the Cotton-press of this City to say? Speak up, Messrs. of the *Express*, *Journal of Commerce* and *Courier and Enquirer*. At least assure us once again in this connection that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is a mere tissue of the imagination.—*Tribune.*

OBITUARY.

Died, on the morning of the 5th of 7th month (July), at his residence, North Easton, Washington County, N. Y., after a painless, yet gradually wasting, illness of several weeks, Samuel Wilbur, aged 34 years.

The deceased was well and widely known as a philanthropist. In him, the wife has not only lost a loving and faithful husband—the parents a devoted child—the brothers and sisters a true friend—the neighbours a ready helper—but the world has lost a man and brother; for he claimed the whole broad earth a heritage for his expanded sympathies. The sad victims of the 'peculiar institution' of our land called forth his earnest and untiring efforts in their behalf. Those of the coloured race who knew him esteemed this; those who did not will miss his influence—his pleading voice in their behalf. While we weep no tears of regret for him, tears of affection cannot be withheld, for a bright star has set to our social and moral horizon; yet we rejoice to feel he has arisen to another and a brighter sphere, leaving home, the trophies, broken links of Slavery's chain, there to receive the glad answer of "well done."

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION!

The Managers of the *Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society* have great pleasure in announcing that they have engaged the beautiful Grove in Framingham, for a Mass Meeting, in celebration of the 19th Anniversary of the Abolition of Slavery in the British West Indies, to be held on Tuesday, the 2d of August.

☞ The Boston and Worcester Railroad Company will run Special Trains of Cars *to the Grove*, from Boston and Worcester. FARE—From Boston, or Worcester, or Milford, *to the Grove and back*, fifty cents. Trains will leave Boston and Worcester at 9 o'clock, A. M. Leave Milford at 10½ A. M. Further particulars hereafter.

TWENTIETH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

To be held in Boston, Mass., during the Christmas Week of 1853.

The Managers of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, in once more addressing their friends and fellow-labourers, for the purpose of entreating a warmer sympathy and a more effective co-operation in their proposed movement, beg leave to submit a few suggestions which they trust may have a tendency to produce that result.

Twenty years have passed away since the first Fair to aid in the Abolition of American Slavery was held in the City of Boston. Twenty years of labour and effort, and still we remain a slaveholding nation, our first word of repentance in a national capacity yet to be uttered, our first work of mercy yet to be done. But have these labours and efforts, of which we may, properly enough, just now, consider this Bazaar an exponent, accomplished nothing? Only the childishly thoughtless or the wilfully false can venture to reply in the negative.

The battle has not been won; it has not even been fought; but the outposts have been carried, and the field, with its embattled hosts, lies plainly before us. Madness of the Masters, slaves contented and happy, amalgamation of Races, Colonisation, and similar fallacies—these are the refuges of lies which the Abolitionists have swept away, and the issue between them and their opponents is narrowed to the simple question of material success and self-interest. The creed of the Pro-Slavery party is expressed in two lines,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The blood-cemented prosperity which should be its shame, is coolly adduced, in argument, as ample justification for continuance in crime.

Hence, no talk of *Gradualism* now obstructs our way. Kindly propositions in its behalf, from distant friends of the slave, ignorant of the essential diabolism which is the animating spirit of the Slave institution of this country, meet, from the Slaveholding South and Pro-Slavery North alike, as bitter and unscrupulous an opposition as was ever meted out to the most energetic demand ever made for Immediate Abolition. The slaveholders understand perfectly that the concessions of marriage, family ties, the Bible, are, in effect, emancipation. They have never been granted where men were held as property, for the very good reason that any such concession lays the axe to the root of so audacious and abominable a claim.

So many sophistries and fallacies being removed, the Abolitionists then may congratulate themselves that they are now in direct collision with the consciences and hearts of the people. In many respects, their chance of success is better than ever before. Another generation is entering upon the duties and responsibilities of life, who, however thoughtless and indifferent to the great question of their age, are not and cannot be as were their fathers when it first met *them*, "in darkness that might be felt," and cased in such armour of prejudice, that Truth herself might well nigh deem them invincible.

The leaders, too, of the Pro-Slavery hosts, alike in the State and the Church, are, day by day, called from their unholy warfare to give their account for the deeds done in the body, and, mercifully, to a very considerable extent, their inhuman influence dies with them. Men may mourn when the confessors of Truth and Mercy depart, but their mantles fall on others; but when the Statesmen who have voted for, and the Ministers who have preached for, the Fugitive Slave Bill, are summoned hence, a crowd of the weak and wavering, who would not have been so base and cruel but for the influence of a firmer and superior mind, breathe freer, are measurably released from their thraldom and rendered accessible to better influences.

The signs of the times abroad as well as at home offer tokens of encouragement. In foreign lands, an agitation has been aroused which will never, we trust, again slumber. Christendom owes it, to the name by which it is called to rally on this question. There has never been so vast a one submitted to its consideration; but, God be thanked, its simplicity is equal to its magnitude, and Monarchist and Republican, Catholic and Protestant, nay, though we have spoken of Christendom, Heathendom itself may see written, as with letters of light, on the Heavens, that it is indeed "a wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man," and doubly wild and doubly guilty when this phantasy controls the sentiment and shapes the action of a great and self-governing nation.

Apart from these and other general causes of encouragement, the Managers of the Bazaar, and those co-operating with them, may find special stimulus to exertion in the fact that the present arrangements of the American Anti-Slavery Society are such as to render an increased success of this undertaking more desirable, we might almost say imperative, than ever before.

The Receipts of the Bazaar are devoted to the sustentation of the Parent Society and its organ, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, in the City of New York. There, in the very focus of pro-slavery opposition, a banner in behalf of the perishing slave has been raised, and its triumph will be in some measure commensurate with the supplies that this movement may be enabled to furnish.

The details of the Bazaar are so well understood that we feel any particular specifications unnecessary.

We cordially invite the assistance of every lover of Freedom, pledging ourselves to all such for a conscientious fulfilment of all the duties that our present position imposes on us.

Donations of any kind, either in manufactured articles, materials for manufacture or money, will be gratefully received by any of the Managers whose names and addresses are subjoined, or any further information that may be requested will be cheerfully given.

Anne Warren Weston, Weymouth, Mass.
Ann Greene Phillips, Essex street, Boston.
Helen E. Garrison, 8 Dix Place, Boston.
Louisa Loring, 27 State street, Boston.
Mary May, 4 Franklin Place, Boston.
Sarah Russell May, Leicester, Mass.
Maria Weston Chapman, care of Messrs. Green & Co., Paris, France.
Caroline Weston,
Mary Gray Chapman,
Henrietta Sargent, 156 Tremont street, Boston.
Frances Mary Robbins, Brush Hill, Milton.
Eliza Lee Follen.
Susan C. Cabot.
Thankful Southwick, Danvers, Mass.
Sarah H. Southwick, Portland, Maine.
Caroline F. Williams, 75 Southac street, Boston.
Mary H. Jackson, 1071 Washington street, Boston.
Elizabeth Gay, 142 Nassau street, New York.
Charlotte S. Sargent, 70 Dover street, Boston.
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E. C. Von Arnim, 18 South street, Boston.
Mary Willey.
Evelina A. S. Smith, Harrison Square, Dorchester, Mass.
Ann Rebecca Bramhall, 47 Milk street, Boston.
Lydia Parker, Exeter Place, Boston.
Maria Lowell, Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass.
Abby Francis.

The *Liberator*, *Pennsylvania Freeman* and *Bugle* are requested to copy the above.

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next course of lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue *five months* (21 weeks), closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

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Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
Hilbern Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.
Edwin Fussell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
Martha H. Mowry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
Almira L. Fowler, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.

Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the Announcement, will please apply personally, or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty. David J. Johnson, M. D., 229 Arch st. Philadelphia.

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THE FRANKLIN;
A LARGE WEEKLY JOURNAL,
AND PERMANENT RECORD OF THE NEWS AND POLITICS OF THE WORLD.

WE stand at a great starting point in the History of the World. Old things are about to pass away, and we know not what shall be the New.

The Continent of Europe, startled by the warning Trumpet of 1848, has cowered into silence; and while all faces gather blackness, and men's hearts fail them for fear of what is coming upon the Earth—the Rulers of Great Nations counsel together how they may consolidate and extend the Reign of Despotism; keep down the Rising Tide; shut out the Coming Day.

Old England seems about to take an attitude which will grandly become the flag which has braved a thousand years. She quails not before the rising storm which threatens all Constitutional Governments. Having, under the leading of the "great Commoner," Sir Robert Peel (the wisest statesman she ever had), broken the worst and strongest of the bonds of Aristocratic Monopoly—and lowered a little way (yet enough to show that they are not impregnable) the old walls of Privilege—she now calls to *all* her children, and sets her house in order; while preparing to meet, if it should come, the shock of the combined Despotisms who long to destroy the only Free Press which moves in the Old World. And we gladly see that, wise at last, her statesmen and writers now turn, with kinder eyes and more loving hearts, to the long-neglected and despised "little band," which, two hundred years ago, wandered from their island home, led and supported by Divine Providence, to become a great nation in "the wilderness."

While these vast interests impend in the Old World (now become Neighbour of the New), we are grappling with questions new and portentous, which arise out of the decay of Spain and the decomposition of Mexico; out of our colonisation upon the Pacific Ocean, and its consequences to all that border on California and Oregon; as well as with the interests, vital to ourselves and yet world-wide, connected with highways across the Continent and over the Isthmus, communicating with our brothers on the Western Coast of America; as well as with the dense masses of Asia.

Our domestic politics have been hushed by a concurrence of opposite causes. And now, while the array of political gladiators, almost stript of old party names, is looking out for new watchwords and new leaders, the whole sound and intelligent community is anxiously hoping that the new President may show himself competent to lead the public wisely; to decide justly and prudently the grave and weighty questions which concern our American relations; and to stand before the Powers of Europe as the calm and steadfast Representative of a mighty Republic.

The times calls for the establishment, in the United States, of a Journal of the highest character, which shall record, in a form suitable for preservation, History as it passes by us.

In undertaking to do this, we shall not only compile, from the best sources, such a summary of events as will contain everything interesting and attractive, and make The Franklin a popular and Family newspaper, but shall draw largely from the speculations and opinions of leading Journals, both in Europe and America. Far from confining its pages to State Documents, or to Great Events—to such papers as the correspondence with Hulsemann, or that upon the Tripartite Treaty; or (to go further back), to that which defeated the Quintuple Treaty, and probably prevented war with Europe—we hope that they may faithfully reflect the Men and Women of the Present Day, in form and even in colour, as they live; by showing what they say and do, in all matters which concern not only the Fashion of the Time, but the Heart of Man.

Although The Franklin is to be a Chronicle of the leading and characteristic events of our time, with commentaries upon them, and will thus serve as a copious Newspaper of the Week, yet its great value will be most clearly seen when bound up in Volumes. We hope to put so much life in them that they will be frequently taken from the shelves for continuous perusal, as well as for reliable reference to recorded facts. To Public Libraries, and to the private libraries of professional men, and all who are active or interested in public affairs, the Series, now about to be begun, will be almost indispensable. And this value will increase from year to year, and from generation to generation.

In short, The Franklin will try to be, in cotemporary History, Politics and Social Philosophy, what "The Living Age" is in current Literature.

We take the name of The Franklin, not only because it indicates as American the point of view from which we look at the world, but also because that sagacious man scanned with comprehensive eyes the whole economical frame-work of society, as well as the workings of governments.

It is seen at once that The Franklin will be of no party. It will be its Christian duty to support the existing Administrators of our Government, whoever they may be, so far as truth and right will permit. But the gentlemanly deference due to "the powers that be," will in no degree lessen the entire independence with which we shall copy from writers of opposite parties.

Conservative, in so far as we desire to hold on to what has been tried and proved to be good (which is the only means of sure and steady progress), we are Progressive—considering that to be our nature, and the end of our being.

The Religion we profess is that which is revealed in the Bible—Christianity.

For Country Gentlemen we shall have abundant material for knowledge and thought, not only in the News of the week, foreign and domestic, but in very full commentaries upon them.

For Ladies, accounts of the Coronation and Balls of successive French and other Emperors, and perhaps an occasional ball at Newport or Saratoga. But this is only the foam upon the wave, and we promise a profusion of matter more to the tastes of Mothers, Wives and Daughters.

Clergymen, Lawyers, and Physicians, will find much which will especially attract them—for it will be our business to keep a lookout for their interests, so as to make it worth their while to read every number. We can do this without copying anything which will not also be welcomed by the general reader.

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Cambridge, April 24, 1844.

I HAVE read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute, in an eminent degree, to give a healthy tone not only to our literature, but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character. Joseph Story.

New York, 7th May, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. James Kent.

Washington, 27 Dec., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. Adams.

This work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and other Reviews; and Blackwood's noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious Spectator, the sparkling Examiner, the judicious Athenæum, the busy and industrious Literary Gazette, the sensible and comprehensive Britannia, the sober and respectable Christian Observer; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the United Service, and with the best articles of the Dublin University, New Monthly, Frazer's, Tait's, Ainsworth's, Hood's, and Sporting Magazines, and of Chambers' admirable Journal. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from Punch; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of The Times. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

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PROCEEDINGS of PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

The Proceedings, in pamphlet form, of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, recently held at Old Kennett, embracing the Minutes, the Exposition of Sentiments, the Testimonies on Slavery, Intemperance, War, Tobacco, &c., and the letters addressed to the body by W. L. Garrison, C. M. Clay, Theodore Parker and others, may be had of Oliver Johnson, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 142 Nassau street. Price, 10 cents single, $1 per dozen.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

Miscellaneous Department.

THE MUTINY OF 'THE BOUNTY,' AND THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

THE MUTINY.

LIEUTENANT BLIGH had been for several years sailing-master in the *Resolution* of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cook; and in the year 1787 was intrusted with the command of his majesty King George the Third's armed ship the *Bounty*, on an interesting expedition to the South Sea islands—namely, acting on the suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, who had visited Otaheite with Captain Cook in 1769—to try the experiment of introducing plants of the bread-fruit tree, which supplied their food to the Otaheitans, into the West Indies. The *Bounty* set sail from Spithead on the 23d of December, 1787. Mr. Bligh was then in the very prime of life—about thirty-three years of age. He returned to England and landed at Portsmouth on the 14th of March, 1790; having experienced, during that brief interval, such a disastrous adventure as will, with its incidents, always associate his name with one of the most painfully interesting passages in our naval history. How little he thought of it as he issued in buoyant spirits from Spithead! The *Bounty* was of 215 tons burden, and, including Bligh, a botanist, and a gardener, carried forty-six persons. On the 26th of the ensuing October, they reached Otaheite (now called Tahiti), and met with a very friendly reception from the natives, who supplied them in abundance with roasted pig and bread-fruit during a delightful stay of six months, during which Mr. Bligh succeeded in collecting upwards of a thousand plants of the bread-fruit tree. With these they quitted Tahita in the spring of 1789, on their way to the West Indies. Mr. Bligh, though an able commander, seems to have been of a somewhat hasty temper; and it is possible that he and the mate. Mr. Fletcher Christian, lived not on the best terms together. The latter was a young man, only twenty-four years old, of respectable family, of talent in his profession, and possessed of a daring and adventurous spirit.

On the evening of the 27th of April, 1789, the commander invited him to supper, but he declined; having, doubtless, by that time conceived the audacious purpose which he afterwards so quickly carried into effect. This memorable night was one distinguished even in the tropical regions for its tranquil loveliness; and we may conceive the commander of the *Bounty*, as his vessel softly clave the sparkling waters, and his sails glistened in the silver moonlight, pacing the deck, and enjoying the beauty of the hour. But who can tell what an hour may bring forth? He was woke out of sleep at break of day by a startling vision—his cabin full of men armed with pistols and cutlasses, headed by Mr. Christian! On his calling out to know what they meant, a voice sternly exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant!" With oaths and great violence they tied his hands behind his back, without giving him time to dress; and then, hurrying him on deck, forced him, with eighteen persons, chiefly officers, superior and petty, into the ship's launch, flinging to them about 32 lb. of pork, 150 lb. of bread, 28 gallons of water, 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine, 4 cutlasses, a quadrant, a compass, and a small quantity of canvass, twine, and cordage. The heartless mutineers then sailed away, leaving their unfortunate commander, and almost all his officers—nineteen persons—in a boat on the Pacific ocean only 23 feet long, and 6 feet 9 inches broad, heavily laden, and without any awning! Could the mutineers have foreseen what was in store for them, they would not have dared a retributive Providence, and might have reflected a little on an old English maxim—"Begin nothing of which you have not well considered *the end*." Which fared worse, the mutineers or their victims, remains to be seen. We shall rapidly follow the course of each.

THE BOAT ADRIFT.

Here is scope for the imagination, and for sympathy. What will be thought of a slight open boat, thus crammed with human beings, performing a voyage across the ocean of nearly four thousand miles? Well indeed, and often, might they have exclaimed, on their lonely and perilous voyage,

"Ye gentlemen of England, that dwell at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the seas!"

The ship left the hapless boat's crew at about thirty miles distance from Tofoa, one of the Friendly Islands, and the first thing the latter attempted was to land at the island, to procure bread-fruit and water. The savages, however, received them barbarously, attacking them with stones, and beat them off the island, where they left dead one of their number, who had gallantly remained last on shore to push the boat off. The savages surrounded and killed him on the spot, and others pushed off in canoes to attack the unfortunate boat's crew, who, it must be remembered, had not been vouchsafed a single piece of fire-arms for their protection. Some cloths thrown into the water to amuse their pursuers, however, diverted their attention; and Mr. Bligh and his friends escaped massacre. But what was now to be done? Whither were they to direct their course?

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide!"

After much consideration, Mr. Bligh obtained his companions' concurrence in a proposal to make for a Dutch settlement on the island of Timor (of which they knew nothing but the name), a distance of 3618 miles! The gunwales of the boat were only six inches above the water, and it is easy to imagine the misery to which eighteen people were to be so long consigned, even regarding only their cabined, cribbed, confined condition: they were to traverse the ocean by day, by night, in all weathers, over a space of comparatively unexplored ocean, equal to nearly a sixth of the entire circumference of the globe. They started upon their voyage on the 2d of May; all Mr. Bligh's company having solemnly promised him to be content with one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water *per day* a-piece. One half of them were to be on the look-out, while the others lay down in the boat's bottom: and not having room to stretch their limbs, and being exposed to constant wet and colds, they suffered, poor souls! quickly and severely from cramps, which almost disabled them from moving a limb. What a look-out by day and by night! One can imagine them often gazing down into the depth beneath them—within a few inches from its surface, and watching the dark shadows of the sharks flitting around them, waiting for a banquet, which any sudden caprice or accident might bring them! After five days' sail, they were startled to find two large canoes, filled with cannibals, making toward them at top speed from the Fejee islands. The canoes continued the chase till within two miles' distance, when they gave it up. Sharks beneath, cannibals behind, storms above and below!—what sources of fear and misery! what long hours of loneliness and terror must have been theirs? They encountered tremendous thunder-storms—by one of them, shortly after starting on their voyage, they were very nearly swamped; yet these brave and good souls placed their hopes in God, to whom they often addressed a devout prayer, composed for them by their commander, partly from his recollection of the Prayer-book. He wrote it in a small blank signal-book, now extant; and it contains a humble confession of sins on the part of those suffering under the divine chastisement, invokes the protection of the Almighty in their misery and danger, and returns thanks to Him who spared their lives from day to day. Poor Bligh tried as long as he could to note a few observations, chiefly of places he passed, in this book; and this blotted and weather-stained document, an affecting relic, is now in the possession of his daughters. "It is with the utmost difficulty," he says, "that I can open a book to write; and I feel truly sensible I can do no more than point out where these lands are to be found, and give some idea of their extent." It was fortunate, indeed, that no quarrels or dissensions seem to have broken out among the little crew. Had it been so, what might not have been the consequence? As early as the 8th of May, the allowance of food to each was necessarily reduced to one and a half pint of cocoa-nut milk, an ounce of bread, and a tea-spoonful of rum, Bligh measuring out the allowance very accurately, by means of a pair of scales which he made out of two cocoa-nut shells, while a pistol-bullet (of twenty-five to the pound) served as a weight to fix the allowance of bread to each. The half pint of cocoa-nut milk, however, was soon further reduced to a quarter; and as for the bread, wetted and decayed as it was, and doled out thus by bullet-weight, it was eaten with the utmost relish. A fearful storm of thunder and lightning drenched them to the skin, yet proved a timely godsend, for it produced them twenty gallons of water. This was dealt out three times a day, in a small horn cup two inches deep and two in diameter, and round it was written by Bligh, "Allowance of water three times a day." He took his own meals out of a small gourd, round which he also wrote, "The cup I eat my miserable allowance out of." The bullet was afterwards set in a metal plate, on which Bligh inscribed, "This bullet, 1-25th of a lb., was the allowance of bread which supported nineteen men for forty-eight days, served to each person three times a-day, under the command of Captain William Bligh, from the 28th April, 1789, to the 14th June following." All these deeply-interesting relics are now in the hands of his daughters. From the 10th of May they encountered a succession of storms, with frequent thunder and lightning, the sea constantly breaking over the boat, and nearly filling it with water, which they had to bale out as quickly as possible to prevent being swamped; yet most of them were seriously weakened and ill, from cramps and spasms. They gained some slight relief by adopting a suggestion of their thoughtful commander—viz., they all took off their clothes, steeped in rain-wet, and wrung them in the salt water, which produced some little warmth to their shivering limbs. What a sight these unfortunate beings, thus engaged on the lonely ocean, must have presented to a pitying beholder! To aggravate their disastrous condition, their little store of bread had become soaked in the salt water, which had broken over them incessantly; and even of their sorry fare, their pittance, by the 24th of May, was reduced to 1-25th of a lb. for breakfast, and the like quantity for dinner, omitting supper! On the 25th, they succeeded in capturing one or two sea-fowl that came so near the boat (which must have been indeed a novel sight to them) as enabled the mariners to catch them with the hand! They were of the size of a pigeon, and each was cut into eighteen pieces, and eaten, of course, uncooked. About this time the heat of the sun became so intense that it caused a languor and faintness which made them weary of life. On the morning of the 29th they found themselves within a quarter of a mile of rocks on which the sea was breaking furiously, but they contrived to haul off, and so escape instant destruction. They were able to steer through an opening in the reef, and found a small island within it, which Bligh named "Island of Direction." "We had," says he, "returned God thanks for His gracious protection; and with much content took our miserable allowance of a 25th of a lb. of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water (with which they had been furnished, it will be remembered, by the thunder-storm). At length they began to near New Holland, and landed on a fine sandy bay in an island near the main, where they luxuriated on *oysters*, water, and berries, and slept comfortably all night; but as they were preparing in the morning to leave, they found a large party of natives armed with spears, running and hallooing towards them—whether friendly or not, Mr. Bligh and his companions did not pause to ascertain, but put off safely to sea. On the 31st they landed at another little island, where they again found oysters; and it may be said, in a sad way, they indeed "astonished the natives," on whom they supped heartily. On the evening of the 3d June they succeeded in threading their way through a most difficult and dangerous passage (the Endeavour Straits), and were again in the open ocean; but here again they had to encounter long-continued wet and stormy weather, from which their exhausted frames suffered very severely. Incessant fatigue, and exposure to cold and wet, overpowered the strongest among them, and several seemed at the point of death. During all these terrible trials, the noble-spirited commander contrived to support their sinking spirits by every exertion to distract and amuse their attention, he himself all the while as exhausted as themselves. At length, however, his fortitude and constancy were rewarded; for, behold at 3 A.M. of the 12th June, their eyes were ravished with a sight of their long-sighed-for point of destination! Timor! Timor!—the island of Timor was in sight! Ah, who shall tell the thrill of ecstacy that shot through the hearts of the weather-beaten and all but prostrate boat's crew, as they first saw the island, and found themselves nearing it! What pious gratitude filled them towards their good God, in whose hands are all the waters of the earth, and who had conducted them through such unexampled perils!

On the 14th June they landed at the Dutch settlement of Coupang, after having been forty-eight long days and nights in this open boat on the ocean, and received a most hearty and hospitable welcome from the governor and all the other residents. On the 30th of August, Mr. Bligh sailed with his surviving crew (for one died of fever at Timor), taking with him the launch in which they had crossed the ocean, for Batavia; and afterwards homeward with eleven out of the original eighteen, the others having died or preferred remaining in Batavia. He landed safe at Portsmouth on the 14th March, 1790. His cruel case was instantly made known, and attracted universal sympathy. He was quickly promoted, served with great distinction at the battles of Camperdown and Copenhagen, at the latter of which he commanded a ship under Lord Nelson; and was afterwards appointed governor of New South Wales, and ultimately became a vice-admiral. Thenceforth he lived happily in the bosom of his family, and died in London, in the year 1817, aged sixty-three.

RETRIBUTION

The atrocious act of mutiny and piracy excited, as may well be imagined, universal indignation in England; and a frigate (the *Pandora*), under the command of Captain Edwards, was forthwith despatched to the site of it, with orders to visit the Society and Friendly Islands, and seize and bring home all the mutineers they might discover. The *Pandora* arrived at Matavai Bay, off Otaheite, on the 23d March, 1791; and three of the offenders immediately came on board, surrendered themselves, and were instantly put in irons. Eleven more were seized at Otaheite, and also put in irons. Two of the original mutineers, who had landed at Otaheite, were dead—after one of them had become a king, and been shortly afterwards murdered by the other, who was himself instantly stoned to death by the natives. No tidings could be gained of the remaining nine mutineers, nor of the *Bounty;* and after making all possible efforts to discover them, the frigate, with her fourteen mutineers lying in irons in a cage on the after part of the quarterdeck, only eleven feet in length, called "Pandora's Box," set off homeward. She was wrecked, however, on a coral reef off New Holland, on the 29th August, 1791, and the crew had to navigate a thousand miles, in open boats. Four of the mutineers went down, in their irons, with the *Pandora;* others of their companions succeeded, with desperate efforts, in disengaging themselves from their irons. Thirty of the crew also perished. Captain Edwards, and his surviving men and prisoners, succeeded in reaching a sandy quay, only ninety yards long by sixty wide—a miserable spot, where they all were nearly consumed, under a vertical sun, from the insupportable heat of which the wretched prisoners had no other defence but to bury themselves up to their necks in the burning sands! The captain and his men had tents made of boats' sails; but he deemed it consistent with duty to refuse the slightest shelter or protection to his wretched prisoners! One of them was a young gentleman, named Peter Heywood, not sixteen years old at the time of the mutiny, in which he had taken no voluntary part. The only article he saved from the wreck was a Common-Prayer Book, which he held between his teeth as he swam to shore for his life. He, with his guilty surviving companions, reached England, heavily chained and almost in rags, on the 19th June, 1792. On the 12th September, he and his nine fellow-mutineers were brought to a court-martial at Portsmouth, on board the *Duke*, the president being Lord Hood. On the sixth day the court acquitted four of the ten, and found the remaining six guilty of the capital offence of running away with the ship, and deserting His Majesty's service. Among these latter was poor Peter Heywood. They were sentenced to be hanged by the neck on board one of His Majesty ships of war; but two of them, Peter Heywood and another, were recommended to His Majesty's mercy. Two days afterwards, the unfortunate young gentleman wrote a letter to a clergyman, a friend of his family, containing the following remarkable passages:

"On Tuesday morning the 18th inst., *the dreadful sentence of* DEATH was pronounced upon me, to which (being the just decree of that Divine Providence who first gave me breath) I bow my devoted head with that fortitude, cheerfulness and resignation, which is the duty of every member of the church of our blessed Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus. To Him alone I now look for succour, in full hope that perhaps a few days more will open to the view of my astonished and fearful soul His kingdom of eternal and incomprehensible bliss, prepared only for the righteous of heart. I have not been found guilty of the slightest act of the detestable crime of mutiny, but am doomed to die for not being active in my endeavour to suppress it. Could the evidences who appeared in the court-martial be tried, they would also suffer for the same and only crime of which I have been guilty. But I am to be the victim. Alas! my youthful inexperience, and no depravity of will, is the sole cause to which I can attribute my misfortunes. But, so far from repining at my fate, I receive it with a dreadful kind of joy, composure, and serenity of mind, well assured that it has pleased God to point me out as a subject, through whom some useful, though at present unsearchable intention of the Divine attributes may be carried into execution for the future benefit of my country. Then why should I repine at being made a sacrifice for the good of perhaps thousands of my fellow-creatures? Forbid it, Heaven!"

On the 24th October, 1792, he and another received a free, unconditional pardon; another was respited, and ultimately pardoned; and three were hanged at the yard-arm, a miserable spectacle, in Portsmouth harbour, on board the *Brunswick*. When Captain Montagee, two days before the execution, read young Peter Heywood His Majesty's gracious pardon, the youth addressed him in the following noble strain:

"Sir, when the sentence of the law was passed upon me, I received it, I trust, as became a man; and if it had been carried into execution, I should have met my fate, I hope, in a manner becoming a Christian. Your admonition cannot fail to make a lasting impression upon my mind. I receive with gratitude my sovereign's mercy, for which my future life shall be faithfully devoted to his service."

And faithfully his future life redeemed his pledge. He immediately re-entered His Majesty's service, rose in it rapidly to high station, greatly distinguished himself, and died in honourable retirement, in the year 1831, in his 58th year. His considerate and discriminating judges, after weighing all the facts of the case, regarded him as having been more unfortunate than criminal, from his youth, the coercion under which he had laboured, and the absence of any proof that he had taken part in the outrage inflicted on his commander, or his fellow-victims. His early misfortunes saddened and sobered him for life; he became the idol of those who were placed either over or under him; and it stands recorded of him by one of our naval annalists, "that his king and country never had a more faithful servant, nor the naval service a more worthy and respectable member."

THE MISSING MUTINEERS

It seems difficult to assign adequate motives for the mutiny of the *Bounty*, or at least to imagine the ulterior objects of its perpetrators. Fletcher Christian, the ringleader, was a gentleman by birth and education, brother of Professor Christian, the annotator of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, and Chief-Justice of Ely; while Mr. Young, one of the midshipmen who shared his desperate venture, was the nephew of a baronet. What could such men have imagined would be their destiny? What, for instance, could they do with their king's ship? What pleasure could they have in spending the rest of their lives among savages?

It was twenty years before the slightest trace of them could be detected, but then their deplorable fate became known. It seems that as soon as they had turned adrift their commander, Christian sailed for an island 500 miles south of Otaheite, intending to land there; but the inhabitants refusing to allow them, they turned to Otaheite. Once more they went to the island in question, were again repulsed by the natives, and once more repaired to Oatheite. It was now necessary for them to consider seriously how they were to dispose of themselves. All but nine resolved to settle at Otaheite, Christian and his eight companions resolving to try their fortunes elsewhere It so happened that he had found in the *Bounty*, among its commander's books, a copy of Commander Carteret's *Voyage round the World;* and among his other discoveries, the author mentions a very little island which he first saw on the 2nd July 1767, in the South Pacific Ocean; "it appeared," he said, "like a great rock rising out of the sea," and was so high as to be visible at more than fifteen leagues distance. . . . . . Its highest point rose 1008 feet above the level of the sea, and in clear weather could be seen at forty miles' distance. As it was first seen by a young gentleman named Pitcairn, they gave it his name, "Pitcairn's Island," and tried to land on it; but the surf was raging so violently round it as to render near approach impossible. It is at a distance of 1200 miles from Otaheite, and is in latitude 25° 4′ south, and in longitude 180° 8′ west. It is only four miles and a half in circumference, a mile and a half being its greatest length. It is of volcanic origin, having been elevated from the bed of the ocean by some tremendous convulsion caused by the action of fire, which has given a vertical character and a jagged outline to the stony mountains, and rendered the scenery wildly picturesque. It is covered with trees—the cocoa-nut, plantain, bread-fruit, and banyan—and its climate is favourable to the growth of vegetables. There are no venomous reptiles. There is only one point, called Bounty Bay, where access is possible, and that only in calm weather; and even then great care is requisite to avoid the breakers. There is scarcly any beach; and almost instantly on landing the visitor commences a precipitous ascent. This was the desolate spot selected by the mutineer and his companions for their future residence! They sailed in the *Bounty:* and when it arrived, there landed from it twenty-eight souls; viz., Christian, Mr. Young, a midshipman, and seven seamen; and all these nine Englishmen had married Otaheitan women! who accompanied them. There was also six Otaheitan men, three of them with wives; and a child ten months old. Let the reader realize for a moment the feelings of a gentleman—of two gentleman, married to savages, doomed to spend the rest of their days on that forlorn spot, ten thousand miles away from home, where resided their anxious families and friends, and where also resided those who doubtless were sending forth scouts to scour the ocean in quest of the guilty occupants of that island, and bring them home to suffer a just and ignominious death!

Christian and his friends were not, however, the first occupants of the island, for they found indubitable traces of ancient predecessors, savage and idolatrous; hatchets; spear-heads of hard stone; a large stone bowl; carvings of the sun, moon and stars; four images six feet in height; and a number of skulls, buried, each having a pearl under it. The new-comers found no other traces of man on the island; they were the only living human occupants.

MURDERS.

Fearful times awaited the mutineers and their companions. Christian retained for a while the position and authority of head of the community; and his mind seems to have been occupied with efforts to preserve order and peace, which were hourly interrupted by his turbulent and savage companions. Much of his time, however, was spent on a spot on the top of a high rock, which he called his "look-out," whence he would anxiously survey the ocean, to see whether it bore along its bosom the coming avenger! What thoughts must have been his on these occasions of mournful solitude! What would he then have given to undo all that he had done!

Shortly after their landing they broke up the *Bounty*, and so condemned themselves to a perpetual imprisonment in the island. There were sanguinary frays incessantly arising between the European and the savages; and at length the Otaheitan men entered into a plot to destroy their European companions. The wives of the latter, however, discovered it, and disclosed it to their husbands on the eve of the projected massacre. The result, however, may be anticipated. Within a year's time, Christian and four of his companions where murdered by their Otaheitan companions, all of whom were in turn slain the same year! One of them was killed with an axe by *Mrs. Young*, the midshipman's wife! As soon as she had done this, she signalled her husband, and he immediately shot the sole surviving Otaheitan! In the year 1793, there were only four of the Englishmen alive, one of whom was Mr. Young; and the five skulls of the murdered Englishmen, including Christian, were kept by the women of the place as trophies; and they were afterwards only with much difficulty, prevailed on to give them up to be buried. One of the survivors was unhappily acquainted with the art of distilling; and having converted a copper boiler from the *Bounty* into a still, he made ardent spirits from the root of a plant in the island. How strongly this cause operated in promoting turbulence and bloodshed may be imagined. He himself, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, committed suicide, throwing himself from a rock into the sea; another was killed by Mr. Young, and one John Adams, in self-defence; and of all the fifteen unhappy men who had landed from the *Bounty*, only two died a natural death—Young, of asthma in 1800; and Adams, in the year 1829. The last survivor of those who had come in the *Bounty* was Mrs. Young. who died at an advanced age in the year 1850. From all this it may appear that the mutineers must have found the barren rock to which they betook themselves, become a very hell upon earth.

THE ISLAND PATRIARCH.

The last male survivor was the John Adams above mentioned, a seaman, and marvellous, indeed, was the change which reflection and merciful experience contributed to effect in his mind and character. He had lived not only among scenes of violence and blood, but in constant terror of being discovered by some ship approaching the island, and taken home to be hanged. As a sample of his sufferings on this score, in the year 1795, a ship was seen coming near the island, on which he and his brother mutineers hid themselves in the bushes in great terror. When at length they dared to venture out, they stole cautiously to the landing-place, and found that the ship had disappeared; but as a knife and some cocoa-nuts were lying near the water's edge, it was clear that some one had landed, but doubtless, not having seen any traces of occupation, had left, and the ship had proceeded on its voyage.

In the year 1800, Adams, then only thirty-six years old, found himself the only man in the island—his companions being twenty of the children of his deceased comrades; but they had come to regard him as their common father, with reverence and affection. He was providentially possessed of one solitary copy of a Bible, and of a prayer-book, which had belonged to the *Bounty*, and of these he made unceasing use. Two remarkable dreams occurred to him in the year 1810, which he always regarded as having been designed to awake in him reflection and repentance; and he became a very devout man—training up in Christianity the young semi-pagans who surrounded him. He had constant morning and evening prayers, and was never tired of reading to them the Scriptures, in which they took such a delight, that on one occasion, two of the lads having earned a little present of gunpowder—a very precious commodity there—as a reward for their labour in preparing the ground for planting yams, proposed that, instead of the present, he should read them some extra lessons from the Bible! He became, in truth, as he has since been called, an island patriarch.

In the year 1808, an American captain landed at the island, not a little to Adams' alarm, and on quitting, took with him a chronometer and compass which had belonged to the *Bounty*, and forwarded them to the Admiralty—being, of course, acquainted with the story of the mutiny. No steps, however, were taken by the British Government; but six years afterwards, Adams beheld with dismay two men-of-war approaching the island, and he reasonably apprehended that at length his hour was come, for the two captains, with some officers and men, were seen descending the ships' sides, and immediately landed. Adams made no attempt to conceal himself—resigned to his destiny; but was quickly comforted by the tidings that he was not to be arrested; that a quarter of a century had passed away, and his presence was considered useful to the young islanders. Then. indeed, a millstone fell from his neck. How the weight of it had worn him may be guessed from the fact, that Sir Thomas Staines, one of the captains, styled him, in his dispatch, "a *venerable old man*"—whereas he was then only *fifty* years old! Sir Thomas added, "His exemplary conduct, and fatherly care of the whole little colony, could not but command admiration. The pious manner in which all those born on the island have been reared—the correct sense of religion which has been instilled into their minds by this old man, has given him the pre-eminence over the whole of them—who look up to him as the father of the whole, and one family." When Sir Thomas and his companions saw the island they did not suppose it inhabited, and were greatly surprised to observe, as they approached, plantations laid out, and very neatly constructed huts and houses! When within two miles from the landing-place some natives were observed bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, in which they dashed through a heavy surf, and pulled off to the ships. What was the astonishment of the sailors to hear one of the savages exclaim, on approaching the ship, "Won't you heave us a rope now?" And who should these prove to be, but a son of Christian, twenty-five years old, and of Young, eighteen years old! "They were fine handsome fellows, tall and well proportioned, and their features were those of an honest English face. Their only dress was a piece of cloth round their loins, and a straw hat ornamented with the black feathers of the domestic fowl. When they had got on board, Sir Thomas Staines took them down into his cabin to give them lunch, and was moved with sudden tenderness on seeing one of them rise up, place his hands in a posture of devotion, and distinctly and solemnly say, "For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful!" On accompanying them back to the island, and accomplishing the landing with no little difficulty, Sir Thomas was charmed with the scene and the reception which awaited him. Poor old Adams and his wife, who was blind and infirm, conducted their great guest to his snug and neat house, and spread out for them a little repast of yams, cocoa-nuts, and fine fresh eggs. They found the settlement to consist of forty-six young people, with a number of infants. The young men were all fine athletic fellows, their faces full of frankness; but the young women excited great admiration. They were tall and finely formed; their faces beaming with smiles, but wearing an air of modesty and bashfulness that would do honour to the most virtuous nation on earth. "Their teeth like ivory, even, regular, and beautiful, without a single exception; and all of them, both male and female, had the most marked English features." Their little houses were models of comfort and cleanliness, and the grounds all round were carefully cultivated. They were very systematic in conducting their little affairs. Old Adams, for instance, kept a carful register, containing the times and account of their work, and what each had acquired by it; and they had a regular system of barter—as of salt for fresh provisions; vegetables and fruit for poultry, and fish, &c. All were engaged in the cultivation of the ground (growing chiefly yam) and fishing; and when one had cleared a sufficient quantity of ground, and had stock enough to maintain a family, he was allowed to marry—but always with the consent of Adams. The utmost harmony prevailed in their little society. They were simple, sincere, affectionate, and pious, and most exemplary in discharging their religious duties.

These matters continued to the year 1825, when Captain Beechey visited the island, in the *Blossom*, and has left on record an affecting picture of their primitive simplicity and happiness. They were still under the care of their old patriarch Adams. "These excellent people," said Captain Beechey, "appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment; to be virtuous, religious; cheerful and hospitable even beyond the limits of prudence; to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection; and to have very few vices. We remained with them many days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with any faults they might have possessed." Their reverence for the Sabbath would shame any Christian community. It was, indeed, "kept holy"—a day of rest, in truth, and of cheerful reverence to the Most High. Their services were conducted in strict conformity with the usages of the Church of England, the prayers being read by old Adams, and the lessons by one appointed by him for that purpose.

Their only intercourse with the great world was on the occasion, few and far between, of ships of war, whalers, or others, touching at the island. "These seas," says a traveller on them during the last year (1852), "are but little frequented. To give an idea of their vast extent, notwithstanding the thousands of ships that are trading on them, we have seen only one ship at sea, and our track measures some 4500 miles! What a little spot this island appears in the vast Pacific! Apparently incapable of resisting the mighty waves of so vast an ocean. The mutineers might well deem themselves secure on so small an island!"

At length,

"Declining gently to the last, this good old man, he died."

Old John Adams expired on the 5th March, 1829, in the sixty-fifth year of his age—a sad day for the little community which he had trained into one so exemplary: thereby offering the best attonement in his power for the guilt which had stained his early years. * * * * * *

THE ISLANDERS.

The number of persons now living on this little island is one hundred and seventy—viz., eighty-eight males and eighty-two females. When the nine mutineers established themselves there, they divided the island into as many parts, which are now subdivided into twenty-two, that being the number of families. Misunderstandings now and then arise on the subject of boundaries, as was the case in patriarchal times; but those misunderstandings engender no animosity, and are soon settled by the chief magistrate and the two councillors; for, as we have seen, such august functionaries have for several years existed in this little community. The chief magistrate is elected on the first day of the new year by a general vote of all males and females eighteen years old; but if any of either sex be married under that age, they are entitled to the suffrage. On the same day the two councillors are chosen, one by the magistrate, the other by the people. * * * Should any dispute arise which neither the magistrate nor he and the two councillors can settle, a jury of seven is called to decide it; and if it be so surpassing knotty as to defy the efforts of the seven sages, it stands over till the arrival of a British man-of-war, against whose decision there is no appeal. * * * During the interval—that is, till the arrival of the Naval Court of Appeal—"the matter drops, and no ill feeling remains; for it is a principle with them not *to let the sun go down upon their wrath.*" * * *

In features, dress, manners, and appearance, the Pitcairners seem to resemble the inhabitants of one of the better order of our own villages; but some are rather darker than Europeans, partaking of their half Otaheitan descent. As for dress, the men wear short trousers, coming down to within two or three inches of the knee, a shirt, and a cap or hat; shoes and stockings being reserved for Sundays. They are, however, badly off for clothes, depending on the precarious supply afforded by ships touching at the island. The women wear a petticoat, from the waist downwards; and over that a loose gown, with a handkerchief sometimes thrown over their shoulders. A wreath of small white fragrant flowers, with others of a bright red, is often worn round the head; the hair being worn in bands, and twisted in a very becoming manner into a knot behind. "Though," says Captain Piper, of H.M.S. Tagus, "they have had the instruction of only their Otaheitan mothers, our dressmakers in London would be delighted with the simplicity, and yet elegant taste, of these untaught females." As we have seen that these young creatures are finely formed and handsome, their appearance must be both engaging and picturesque. * * * *

Fearing a dearth of water (which would now appear to have been chimerical), the British Government, in the year 1831, removed the whole community, then only eighty-seven in number, to Otaheite, when Queen Pomare, since become a historical character, received them with great kindness, though herself harassed, at the time, by civil war. The licentious manners of the place disgusted almost all the virtuous visitants from Pitcairn; but some few were overcome by the temptations to intemperance. The unhealthiness of the climate then carried off twelve by sickness, and five more died almost immediately after their return. * * * They have ever since expressed their deep sorrow at having been removed, and their passionate love of home, from which they will never again be willingly severed. One of their *Records* states that, within three months after their removal to Tahiti, and one or two of their number returned to Pitcairn, "During our absence our hogs have gone wild, and destroyed our crops; and after our return we employed ourselves in destroying the hogs."

How long this singular and interesting community may be able to remain at Pitcairn, is problematical; for Admiral Moresby tells us, in August, 1852, that "the crops on the tillage-ground begin to deteriorate; landslips occur with each succeeding storm; and the declivities of the hills, when denuded, are laid bare by the periodical rains." Symptoms in reality appear of an evil sometimes chimerically apprehended at home—population pressing on the means of subsistence. It will thus become the duty of the British Government to deal prudently and tenderly with the little community; not tearing them all, with bleeding hearts, from the land of their birth, and the seat of their sweets, and sympathies, and associations, but assisting them from time to time, as they themselves perceive the inevitable necessity for so doing, to migrate to the numerous islands in that remote locality—each family, and each member of it, becoming a radiating centre of Christian civilization. At present, they themselves fondly declare—but it must be often with a heavy sigh, as they behold their steadily diminishing resources—that "they will not remove elsewhere whilst a sweet potato remains to them;" and as for their chaplain and pastor, he is rooted to the spot. As he told Mr. Murray, "as long as two families shall remain at Pitcairn, I will remain also."

* * * —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

AMERICA A HUMBUG.

From the *Atlantische Studien*. Translated for the *Tribune*.

IN almost every department of life we find the same want of unity, of harmony, of completeness, and even more repulsive contradictions. You have here the republic of Rousseau, overflowing with virtue and philanthropy on paper—and with it Negro Slavery and the lash—the absolute political freedom of the white man, and his systematic bondage to the family, to priestcraft, and to so-called public opinion—immense progress in every department of the natural sciences, and the most complete stagnation in everything that is not of a material or commercial character—the locomotive and the primitive forest—the telegraph and Indian wigwams—the commerce of the world and faith in ghosts. These contradictions are naturally impressed on every American. He comes before me, when he is not a merchant, as a back-woodsman richly endowed by nature, who has emerged from his solitude into the great world, and begins to take pleasure in the more refined enjoyments of life. The youthful past falls into contradiction with the present; he is truly at home in neither. He has outgrown his old clothes, and has not yet found any new ones to fit him; he feels this and is embarrassed by it; he wishes to conceal his embarrassment and becomes ludicrous. He allows himself to be imposed upon by everything which he is unacquainted with, and falls into contradiction with himself and others. He receives a hundred new inspirations to-day, which are effaced to-morrow by a hundred others. To-day he is glowing with enthusiasm for a cause, and to-morrow calculates that it will not pay, and is therefore impracticable. To-day he lavishes thousands of dollars, and to-morrow keeps a tight grasp on every cent. He is an enthusiast for art, and a business man, a free liver and a religious fanatic. He has a passion for paintings when they are the work of acknowledged masters, and have been boasted of as such to him, and is surprised when he visits the Dusseldorff Gallery in New York that Mr. Dusseldorff is such a productive artist. He copies the most celebrated statutes of all the sculptors, only he frequently does not keep strictly to the original and improves it after his own taste. I have seen, for instance, in the house of one of the wealthiest citizens of New York a couple of Sphinxes, on whose white marble bodies the owner had painted blue comparisons. "Very fine, indeed," remarked the beholders. You may also find a Corinthian portico with a single pillar and a wooden front. The American has no standing army, and his chief distinction consists in a military title, whose frequent application here has no more meaning than a mere form of ceremony. He has a superfluity of religious feeling, and builds churches on joint-stock speculation. He wears his patent hat on the back of his head, and shows hands innocent of gloves. He smokes fine cigars and drinks champagne with brandy. He sits on the front row with his elegant opera-glass, and spirts out tobacco juice on the silk and velvet cushions. He likes to be everything, and he is so, but whatever he does smacks of the last thing in which he was engaged. In short, he is never consistent, he adapts himself to his situation, in order to take the best advantage of it—he is more a man of interest than of principle, and will seldom hesitate in his choice between honour and gain.

Charlatanery has arisen in America to such a height and has attained such a universal development, that the term, as used in the old world, is not sufficient to express its meaning. Deceptions, which we should plainly call frauds, are often designated by the word humbug, it being convenient to give the widest latitude to this term. Hence it is difficult to describe the different kinds of humbug in detail, but I may mention the following as among the most frequent. Advertisements a yard long, couched in the most bombastic and hyperbolic language, setting forth the merits of certain wares, medicines, miraculous tinctures, curiosities and the like; audacious assertion of a mysterious and wonderful origin; poetical introduction to announcements which begin with Alexander the Great, Cæsar, or Plato and Aristotle, and end with the number of a tailor's shop; the assertion that some article has been ordered, used, and recommended by this or that European prince; connection with the exciting events of the day or some terrible accident, of which last there is never a want in America; pretence of an impossible or incredible invention; christening a perfectly common or very insignificant affair or performance with a new high-sounding name; fictitious letters of recommendations, for instance, from an Oriental prince; pompous pretence of scientific or artistic objects, in order to empty the pockets of the public; fabrication of profitable undertakings for swindling purposes; exhibition of fabulous curiosities fraudulently got up, or of something attractive to the credulous multitude, beasts, or wild, or strange men; travelling about with a monstrous carriage drawn by twelve horses adorned with plumes, an enormous show bill in gigantic letters on the side and accompanied with deafening music; simply announced prophecies of the destruction of the world the pretence of being a person long since dead, or of taking people alive to heaven; the boldest deception, the most audacious lies, which with the skill of a juggler are imposed sometimes on the aristocracy, sometimes on the populace; these are the most usual modes of humbug. But I should have to fill a whole book in order to describe them all.

You have something of this in Europe, but it does not make its appearance there with such audacity in open day-light, is not so much an object of daily occurrence, and does not meet with such general recognition. Impostors in Europe, too, must use incomparably more skill, in order to succeed. Cagliostro and St. Germain, with only a quarter part of this talent, could have accomplished twice as much in America, as in the old world, while in Europe it is usually exercised by people who are known to be merely charlatans. In this country humbug is often exercised by people who stand as highly respectable business men; it brings less disgrace than in the old world; nay, many believe, that humbug belongs to business, and repeatedly you hear it said in America, "It is all humbug."

The most extraordinary thing about this matter, at first sight is, that humbug seldom fails of its end, although everybody is aware of its intended use. The very persons who practice the most unblushing humbug, themselves are usually duped by the humbugs of others; for the American, in spite of the 'cuteness with which he perceives on which side his bread is buttered, is generally too one-sided to escape the prevailing vortex of humbug. There is necessary for this a more universal culture, and a keener insight into the value of men and things, whereas in America, credulity, vanity, and display are prominent traits in the national character.

The word *Puff* which belongs to the family of humbug, has a different meaning in America from what it bears in Germany. The puff consists in praising the goods, manufactures, and property of others in order to draw the attention of the public to them, and to lead customers to purchase. Whole cities, districts, and States, for instance Michigan and Wisconsin, are puffed, in order to induce emigrants to settle therein. Thus a correspondent of the *National Era*, published in Washington, confesses that Cincinnati, "the Queen of the West," has been too much puffed. The "puff" does not usually appear in the portion of the paper devoted to advertisements, but under the editorial head, where it is sometimes preceded by the word "communication," or the like. You will find in most of the journal, if the editor does not undertake this department himself, a person who manufactures all kinds of puffs and humbugs, and who gets well paid for his labour, if not according to the length of the article, in proportion to the evil and exaggeration with which it is written. I hit upon this fact in a very funny way.

A few years ago, soon after I came to live in America, I was editor for some time of a German newspaper. One fine morning as I was writing an article on the great value of the annexation of California, which had just taken place, and was about to treat of China and Japan, in connection with the Americo European development, a man most unexpectedly made his appearance at my desk, and striking it with his hand, said, "Here is double cash down—'fix' it "off for me first-rate." I understood neither the "double cash down," nor what "it" referred to, and somewhat irritated remarked that the counting room was up stairs, and he must pay there. "But, my God," replied the man still more impatiently, "don't you understand me? I want "you to fix me off a first-rate puff in your paper, and "I will pay you double price. I am a hatter, and "if you give me a crack one, I will send you a hat "into the bargain." "I don't understand humbug," said I, turning from him, as I wished to resume the thread of my ideas. "G—d d—n it," retorted the hatter, half mad, "you an editor and don't under-"stand humbug; every paper has its humbugger, "and if I go to the *Herald* I should have to pay him "no more than you. I also know how to humbug, "and do so, for every trade here is half humbug, "but I can't use the pen as well as you, so you must "write it for me. You see you must call my hats "the unrivalled favourites of fashion, my shop a "giant, yes a mammoth magazine, the greatest in "the universe—say that on account of my low "prices I deserve to be put under guardians as a "spendthrift, and add some verses from a German "poet, as Gellert for instance, and your share in the "humbug is performed." "And then?" asked I excitedly. "Then," said he, "then I shall have a "wood-cut made, with a man standing shaving him-"self before my hat which reflects his face like a "looking-glass, placing underneath 'Hats that are "hats sold by the subscriber.' You see I thus 'fix' "the humbug." I thanked him for the information, but persisted in my refusal. "You don't understand "your business," said the hatter—as he went out, "no, you don't understand it, you are too green yet, "you will never be able to make money. I under-"stand mine better,' and consoling himself in conclusion, remarked, "Here everything is humbug, as "sure as there is a God in Heaven, everything in "America is humbug! All America is a humbug."

Yes truly, it is all humbug. The man was not so far out of the way. Here is the Napoleon of humbug—there the humbug of Napoleon—and the world applauds both. Laugh with me, my friend, and reflect with never-ending laughter or with mute despair, "It is all humbug."

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS.

THE belief in lucky and unlucky days is one of the most prevalent of human superstitions. There are traces of it among all the nations of antiquity, and some of more recent date. The 14th day of the first month was esteemed auspicious by the Jews, because it ended their captivity in Egypt. On the other hand, the 10th of August was ill-omened; for on that day the first temple was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and the second by Titus, six hundred years after. The Romans would never undertake any business on the 13th of February (*Dies Alliensis*), which was the anniversary of the battle of Allie, when the nation was almost annihilated by the Gauls. The Carthagenians had the same superstition about the 22d of August. Louis XI. of France esteemed it an evil omen if any one spoke to him on business on Innocents' Day.

There have been some remarkable coincidences of days in the lives of distinguished men. The same day of the month has not unfrequently been the day of birth and of death, and the date of some memorable event. Alexander the Great was born on the 6th of April. On that day he won two of his most important victories, and on that day he died. On that day, his father, Philip, conquered Potidea, and on that day Parmenio, Philip's general, overcame the Illyrians. Pompey the Great was born and died on the 30th of September, and on the same day triumphed on his return from Asia. Augustus was adopted by Julius Cæsar on the 19th of August, and on the 19th of August he died. The wife of Henry VII. was born and died on the 11th of February. Sir Keneelm Digby was born and died on the 11th of June. He conquered at Scanderoon on the same day. His epitaph commemorates the coincidence:

"Under this stone the matchless Digby lies,
Digby the great, the valiant, and the wise;
This age's wonder for his noble parts,
Skilled in six tongues, and learned in all the arts;
Born on the day he died—the eleventh of June—
On which he bravely fought at Scanderoon.
'Tis rare that one and self-same day should be
His day of birth, of death, of victory."

Raffaelle was born and died on Good Friday. Shakspeare's birthday was also the day of his death—April 23rd. The 24th of February was thrice memorable to Charles V. of Spain, as the day of his birth, the day of his victory over Francis, King of France, and the day on which he received the imperial crown at Bonoma. Charles II. of England was born and restored to the throne on the 29th of May. The 3rd of September was marked in the history of Cromwell as the date of the victory at Dunbar, also of that at Worcester, and as the day of his death.

Days of the week have sometimes been signalized in a similar manner. Tuesday was a day of note to Becket, the English saint. On Tuesday the lords passed judgment upon him at Northampton, on Tuesday he went into exile, on Tuesday he had a vision in which his doom was foretold to him, on Tuesday he returned from exile, on Tuesday he died, and on Tuesday was canonized. Wednesday was the lucky day of the celebrated Pope Sixtus V. It was the day of his birth, the day on which he took orders, the day on which he was made General of his order, the day on which he was created Cardinal, the day on which he was elected Pope, and the day on which he was inaugurated. Henry VII. called Saturday his fortunate day, as that on which he gained the battle of Bosworth, and that on which he entered London. It is remarkable that four of the Tudors in succession died on Thursday, beginning with Henry VIII., the second, and ending with Elisabeth, the last of the line.

Ancient calendars designate two days in each month as unfortunate, namely, of January, the first and seventh; February, the third and fourth; March, the first and fourth; April, the tenth and eleventh; May, the third and seventh; June, the tenth and fifteenth; July, the tenth and thirteenth; August, the first and second; September, the third and tenth; October, the third and tenth; November, the third and fifth; December, the seventh and tenth. Each of these days was devoted to some peculiar fatality. Whether the change of "style" introduced towards the close of the last century, by deranging the calendar order, has affected the character of these days, we are unable to say. For our own part, we agree with Heraclitus, who blamed Hesiod for calling some days lucky and others unlucky, as not discerning that "the nature of every day is the same." And we heartily subscribe to the saying of St. Paul, who, after mentioning that "One man esteemeth one day above another, another esteemeth every day alike," adds, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."—*Christian Enquirer.*

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